

COUNTRY LIFE

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COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS.

ILLUSTRATED.

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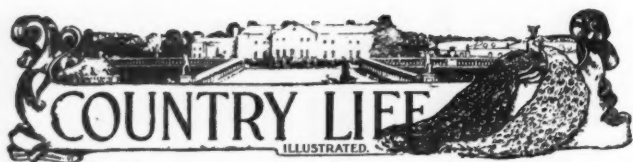
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Photo. J. THOMSON,

LORD AND LADY CREWE.

70a, Grosvenor Street, W.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration photographs, instantaneous or otherwise, besides literary contributions, in the shape of articles and descriptions, as well as short stories, sporting or otherwise, not exceeding 2,000 words. Contributors are specially requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS. and on the backs of photographs. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in COUNTRY LIFE alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require.

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THE COST OF BRITISH SPORT

OUR series of articles on "Short Shooting Trips," and not a few of those under the heading "Sport in Other Lands," have dealt in some detail with the expenses of shooting on the Continent. The general conclusion from the figures there given is that European sport otherwise than in England, and much Indian shooting, is, on the whole, surprisingly inexpensive compared with the cost of sport of the kind and calibre obtainable in the British Islands. But the comparison is not really a fair one. On the contrary, it is misleading, for while in England amusement of this kind can be combined with work, and enjoyed at short intervals without disturbing the regular life of the ordinary Englishman, the continental trip means a complete absence from all forms of business, and, so far as the participator in it is concerned, a sacrifice of his personal contribution to his income. Thus, strictly speaking, to any extension of foreign shooting or fishing beyond the limits of the regular compulsory holiday, the expense of "total absence" from business, even if that be the supervision of a country estate, must be added. It follows that the "Cost of Sport," to borrow the title of the suggestive work on this subject compiled under the editorship of Mr. Aflalo, can only be considered as a detached item by the entirely leisured class.

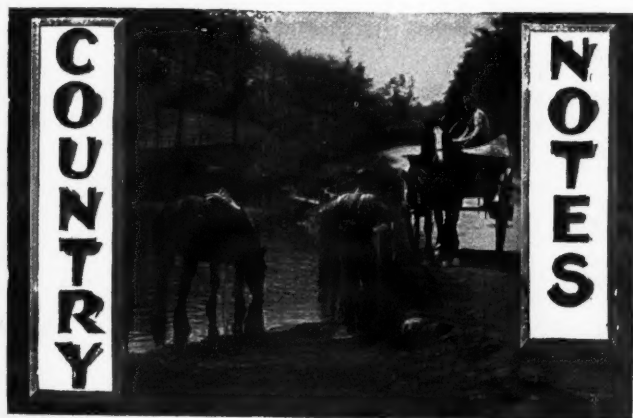
Those who have business, either mercantile or professional, and who form far the largest proportion of those interested in the subject, must measure the cost not only by direct expenditure, but by the possible chances of loss by being out of touch with affairs. To these the real question of interest is the best return in the way of amusement given by sport in these islands; and it is to the pages of the work referred to which deal with shooting and hunting at home that they will turn for suggestion and comparison.

The cost of fishing is so difficult to generalise upon, and the prices are of such a "fancy" kind, owing to the limited home supply of first-class water, that we must leave this to the scrutiny of those who are content to learn the details of price in each county and stream. But shooting, though the figures are very elastic, offers more chance for a useful survey, while the expenses of hunting can be calculated with singular exactitude, and are applicable to very large areas of country of the same general kind.

We note that the estimate of the price of shooting different kinds of British game, and in different districts, fully bears out an opinion we have before expressed in these pages—that pheasant shooting, *quâ* bag made, is cheaper than grouse shooting, and much cheaper than Scotch grouse shooting. The latter, being a subject on which more random opinion has been written than on most others connected with sport, receives some correction from an article by Mr. G. T. Teasdale Buckell. Scotch grouse cost nearly twice as much per head as Yorkshire grouse and grouse south of the Border. Why this is, it is not easy to say. But, in the first place, the English grouse moor usually yields a much larger bag for its area than the Scotch ones. When a man hires 20,000 acres in Sutherlandshire, he feels that he is securing the enjoyment *pro tem.* of a great estate. He usually takes a large house with it; though this has nothing to do with the bag, it increases his enjoyment of the whole business, provided he can afford it; and consequently his birds cost him far more per brace—double as much one way and another—than if he were in Yorkshire or Lancashire, putting up at an inn in the dale, and walking in the morning to the butts. It is all "driving," too, on most English moors, and he cannot get as many days' sport as he would if he could go out with the dogs, though the bags when he does go out are much larger. But a great part of the cost of Scotch shooting is paid for luxury, not for sport. Add to this the startling uncertainty of Scotch grouse shooting, from bad seasons and disease, and the balance in favour of the South works out even better. What with the greater chance of snow and frosts in the breeding season, the want of water in dry summers, and the chances of disease, the lean years on Scotch moors are far too frequent; and in these lean years a lessee may be paying not £1 but £5 per brace for his birds.

Yorkshire grouse shootings, far better stocked, further south and warmer, and more easily reached to feed birds if the snow lies long and deep, are far safer, and less liable to cause disappointments. But against all this, pheasant shooting, costly as it is, contrasts very favourably. It can be created practically wherever there is wood, and the bag is almost a certainty; and both partridge shooting and pheasant ground improves as the area of preserved ground is increased. Of course there is a limit. But unpreserved ground always tends to draw away game and empty the preserved ground adjacent, and it does not pay to employ a keeper to rear only 300 birds when the same expenditure in wages would rear 600. We think the estimate for pheasant rearing given in this last contribution to sporting literature is too high, and though we agree that game is always raised and shot at a dead loss, besides the loss of the rents, the former need not be so large as is stated; 1s. 6d. for wages, and 1s. per head for food, or a total of 2s. 6d. per bird, is the estimate. Now there is no reason why a pheasant should cost much more in rearing and wages than a fowl. There is the watching; but this begins when the rearing is over, and, if the coverts are shot early, lasts only three months. We believe that, apart from the cost of eggs, pheasants can be raised at 1s. 9d. each for food and wages, and that in a few years this will be reduced to 1s. 6d. Rabbit shooting on any large scale is now practically confined to warrens; and anyone who will take rough land at prairie value can easily make a warren for himself. But on the whole, given good ground and an adequate area, English partridge shooting, properly looked after, gives far better results than Scotch shootings, or even than English covert shooting, from the point of view of expense. There is practically a very wide margin for improving these shootings, and where they are as good as they can be naturally, the experiment of turning out Hungarian partridges seldom fails to add thirty per cent. to the stock. One keeper can look after at least 1,000 acres of partridge ground; and if it is in preserved country, this, properly managed, ought to give 500 partridges. At £100 for rent and £40 for keeper's wages, this works out at 5s. 7d. a head, or not much more than half the price of Yorkshire grouse, probably at a distance of not more than 100 miles from London.

But it is more than doubtful whether the standard of reckoning adopted by most writers on the cost of shooting or fishing is not misleading. It is not the number of head bagged, but the number of days' enjoyment, by which sport should properly be estimated, and its cost per day, not per head of game, is, or ought to be, the standard. A fair bag is essential to enjoyment, whether shooting or fishing; but, given this, the other elements must also be counted—the pleasure of scenery, of open air, of complete and delightful employment of the energies both of mind and body. In this respect it is well worth noting that the cost of hunting—to the individual, not to a Master of Hounds—compares very favourably with that of shooting or decent fishing. One horse at £140 should last five years. This gives £28 per annum. Add to this £80 for keep and expenses, including £10 for hunt subscription, and for something under £120 a man can enjoy his three days a fortnight for the season. This works out, supposing he has no bad luck with his animal, at about thirty days' hunting, which, at the cost given above, comes to £4 per day. He may have as good sport as anyone can possibly want of its kind, whereas £120 would not secure him anything like the same calibre of sport for thirty days' shooting. On the other hand, he can combine with others in a shoot which, if not first-class, yields a great deal of enjoyment, and so reduce his expenses by two-thirds. But this is perhaps rather too mathematical a view of so complex a problem as the cost of amusement.



VERY few people have any correct estimate of the part played in the social and economic life, even of so important a county as Nottinghamshire, by a place like Welbeck Abbey. This "private palace," where Lord Crewe and his bride are now spending their honeymoon, gives employment, in one way or another, in grounds, gardens, house, parks (there are three of these), lakes, stables, shooting, home farm, and the establishment generally, to about 500 persons, every one of whose work is skilled labour of a kind, and much of it very highly paid. We are not beyond the mark in saying that the wages-bill alone is annually over £25,000. This is all spent in maintaining what, in addition to the satisfaction of its owner, contributes to the welfare of the whole country-side. It is, in fact, a training-place of the best kind for all that is best in gardening, forestry, road-making, carpentry, management of lakes and fisheries, household service, stables, racing, shooting, and the like. When visitors drive there in hundreds from the manufacturing towns, they pay 1s. each to put up their horse and trap and see the place. The sum so collected was presented last year by the Duchess to local charities. It amounted to £1,500.

The cuckoo has come clamorously, and the swallows are fast coming; but the earliest swallow that we heard of in these islands was here many months before this. It was on February 12th of this present year that a live swallow, apparently in good health, was seen flying about the great packing-room for the narcissus bulbs, etc., at Tresco, in the Scilly Islands. Of course this cannot have been a case of recent immigration. The swallow had no doubt remained behind his fellows when those others went South, perhaps in consequence of an injury or weakness that disabled him from long flight. But where had he been in the winter? He was first observed on February 12th. His appearance certainly adds weight to the theory, at which Gilbert White did not scoff, and that has adherents among naturalists even to-day, that some at least of the swallows remain with us in a state of partially-suspended animation. There seems no other way to account for the sudden appearance of this untimely bird. Unluckily some boy or indiscriminating person killed it, and there was an end of the matter. It would have been interesting to see whether it would support its life until the true swallow time in England.

Nature in her moods is very like a child—rather a spoilt child. It took her some days, nearly a full week, of blustery wind and rain storms before she could recover from the sullen mood in which we were waiting for spring's coming. At length the atmosphere cleared, and we had bright, kindly days that coaxed the leaf out gradually, yet even so they are none too warm. They encouraged the cuckoo to come, and the swallows. We have heard the garden warbler and seen the willow wren, and for several weeks the brave little chiff-chaff has been harping away on his two notes in the bushes. But there is still little cover for the early nest-builders, and we do not yet see any youngsters about, nor hear that most plaintive cry of the young robin asking its parents to come and give it a worm. These things we are still expecting; they do not arrive. But the primroses in the hedges and, more especially, in the copses where the undergrowth has been cut down are in glorious plenty. And so they ought to be, for we have just passed "Dizzy's" day.

It is with considerable satisfaction that we hear the North Sea Cup race will not fall into abeyance this year, as was at first feared. With true German enterprise the Nord-deutscher Yacht Club of Hamburg has taken the matter in hand, and has through the secretary announced the intention of presenting a cup, value £50, for a race from Dover to Heligoland on June 17th next. It should be understood that this contest is secondary to that inaugurated by the German Emperor. The Heligoland Cup is for yachts exceeding 50 tons, Thames measurement, while the North Sea Cup is for vessels under that tonnage. The conditions for both races are much the same, but it should be noted that five genuine starters at least must enter for the smaller trophy, otherwise the race will be declared off. There should be no difficulty, however, in securing this number, and it is to be hoped that British yachtsmen will back up their German cousins, who have so generously not only offered a cup, but also second and third prizes. It seems a pity that some English club did not take up the matter, for it does not place yachtsmen on this side of the North Sea in a very favourable light.

Mr. Cruft, the organiser of dog shows, and an exhibitor of a dog, was sued for £50 damages for a bite by a big St. Bernard dog. The plaintiff was a sight-seer at the show when the accident took place. After much evidence on both sides the plaintiff won his case, and got his damages with costs. We notice this for two reasons. In the first place, half the attraction to ordinary visitors to a show is to pat and caress the beautiful animals exhibited. If the animals, like the bulldogs, are not beautiful, they "snatch a fearful joy" by caressing them all the same. If the public wish to do this, they must be prepared to run some risk of a bite or snap now and then. The second point is the astonishing good temper of the dog of the period. Of the tens of thousands of dogs shown during the year very few indeed are labelled as bad-tempered, and cases of biting are extremely rare, though the dogs' tempers must be severely tried by the confinement and crowds.

The Spring Horse Show at Dublin attracted a considerable gathering to Ball's Bridge last week, but there can be no doubt at all that many of those present came to cheer the Duke and Duchess of York, who, with the Earl and Countess Cadogan, visited the exhibition on the first day. The experiment attempted this year by the Royal Dublin Society, of including classes for Hackney stallions and polo ponies in their catalogue, worked most successfully, as the latter mustered nearly 120 entries in two classes, whilst the Hackneys, although not very numerous, were an excellent lot. There would, moreover, have been more of them had not the Dublin management adhered to the obsolete policy of withholding the names of the judges from the public until the day of the show, for had it been generally known that such capable men as Messrs. Buttle and Cooke were awarding the prizes, more owners would have been tempted to enter their horses. Some excellent polo ponies were shown, but the diversity of type that was present in the classes, and it may be added in the prize list also, must have had the effect of rather mystifying the public regarding the points to be bred for in this class of animal. It is of course true that a polo pony occupies the peculiar position of being a thing that is made, not born, as manners are his chief merit, provided he is not over the orthodox 14h. 2in. in height; but it will nevertheless be a good thing when breeders are encouraged to breed for one type, and this they never will be so long as the prize-winners vary in conformation.

There are several excellent institutions for providing some measure of the *rus in urbe* for townfolk's delight; and all must have the sympathy of lovers of country life. None among them all deserves more praise and encouragement, both in virtue of what it has done and what it aims at doing, than that which is called

the Metropolitan Public Gardens' Association, under the special care of Lord Meath. The number of the public spaces that have been given to London chiefly through the agency of the association, and the yet greater number of such spaces that owe much of their attraction and comfort for the people to the same institution, amount to something like 400. A deal remains, that is within the association's aim and scope, still unfinished, and it is to complete this work that it asks for further subscriptions. These may be sent to Lord Meath, at 83, Lancaster Gate, or a banker's order can be procured by application at that address.

By Mr. Joseph Wolf's death, at the age of seventy-nine, we lose the best "all-round" painter of animals since the days of Albert Durer. He was not well known, like Sir E. Landseer, because his later pictures were nearly all painted to the order of his patrons, who hung them in their country houses, and the best were in water colour, and when sold did not make startling prices. But his feeling for the real life of the animals he drew, and his knowledge of their habits in all weathers, and of the scenery and vegetation among which they are found, were unerring. His powers of drawing or painting were both of a high order. In movement or repose his birds and beasts were always alive.

In his early days in England he was employed by the Zoological Society to make drawings of the rarer animals brought over to this country. He thus became familiar with the forms and attitudes of many creatures which contemporary painters had no chance to study. But meantime he was an enthusiastic lover of outdoor life. His days were spent, when possible, on the hills or in the woods, and there he learnt the proper setting and surroundings for the scenes he painted. The result was a brilliant realism, which we should not be surprised at in the work of Mr. Thorburn now, but which was not common fifty years ago. At the Arts and Sports Exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery some ten years ago some of his best work was seen. Three pictures, one of an osprey seizing a pike in a half-frozen stream, another of a merlin flying over the snow to attack a flock of finches, and a third of an incident at Hockwold, when Mr. Newcome's peregrines brought down a kite, created the utmost admiration.

The ornamental water at Syon House, which was illustrated recently in the pages of COUNTRY LIFE, has been the scene of a curious encounter between a voracious fish and a mute swan, which had an unfortunate and fatal ending for the latter. A correspondent, in sending details of the battle royal which raged between the two, remarks that he thinks a record of the occurrence will be interesting to our readers, and we quite agree. It seems that the bird, a fine male specimen, was quietly dipping his head beneath the water, when it was seized by an enormous fish, who, notwithstanding the struggles of the swan, succeeded in keeping the head below the surface until the bird was drowned. Thereupon the fish endeavoured to swallow the swan's head, and was thus engaged when the fate of the unlucky creature was discovered. Upon the removal of the carcase it was seen that the head of the swan was severely bitten, and it is surmised that a pike is responsible for the unusual occurrence, and that hunger provoked the attack. It is known that an enormous jack has existed in the lake for many years, and when last seen, some time ago, it was locally estimated to weigh between 40lb. and 50lb. To our knowledge the strength of the swan and the power of the pike have never before been contrasted in so singular a fashion, and the occurrence is one likely to lend colour to some of the tales told by our ardent—and truthful—fishermen.

Owners of valuable cattle will read with dismay the recently-published accounts of the tuberculin tests carried out at Her Majesty the Queen's farm at Windsor. Out of forty cows, all apparently in good health, nearly 90 per cent. "reacted," and proved, when killed, to be tuberculous. Such a percentage of diseased animals in a well-managed herd is of course most unexpected. But we note that while it is mentioned in the report that the preliminary examination did not suggest the slightest taint of tubercle in any one of the animals, the post-mortem examination in at least two cases showed that the udder was so far affected that it is surprising that it had not attracted the attention of the milkers. In these two cases there is little doubt that a microscopic examination of the milk would have shown that the cows were tuberculous.

To hear that Mr. C. A. R. Hoare has engaged Alfred Shaw for the benefit of the young cricket talent of Hampshire is good tidings for the county, and at the same time seems like an echo of long-ago days—of the days when Alfred Shaw, with his absolute accuracy of pitch, was the one bowler with whom "W. G.," then in his prime, could not do exactly as he liked.

It is impossible to conceive a better practice bowler than Alfred Shaw—able to bowl exactly the sort of ball he wishes, a cricketer with a "head," if ever there was one, and a store of experience second to none.

Fishing, with the continuance of the cold winds and the frosts at night, continues to consist very largely in the pleasures of hope or the resignation of despair. Fly will not hatch under the untoward conditions, and though a few fish have shown an avidity that was scarcely to be expected to take the artificial fly, the fortunes of the angler have not been at all happy. It is the more tantalising because the volume of water in the rivers and the general prospects of the very early spring promised better. Sometimes olive duns will rise in spite of the most evil weather, and trout will then come greedily on the feed, but those are the exceptional cases that "we hear of but very seldom see." Everywhere the verdict is that trout are late in coming into condition, and nowhere is there hazarded an explanation of this fact, which is a singular one in view of the mild winter. But, of course, the dry-fly fishing is only just beginning. There is all the cream of the angler's festival still to be skimmed.

Cruelly sad, and at the same time, happily, most unusual, is the manner in which the late Mr. J. F. S. O'Hara met his death by the attack of a lion when he was actually lying in his tent prostrated by fever. He was engaged in surveying the East African Protectorate, and was accompanied by his wife. Mr. O'Hara, it appears, was awoken by a noise during the night, and, coming out of his tent, gun in hand, found that all his attendants had bolted, and that a lion was standing within a few feet of his open tent door. He fired in the obscurity, and the lion made off into the bush. Shortly afterwards Mrs. O'Hara heard her husband call out, and, going to his help, found the lion apparently trying to drag him off, bed and all. Assistance was called and the lion beaten off, but in the meanwhile Mr. O'Hara had been so terribly mauled that he survived his injuries a few hours only. Such instances of ferocious daring on the part of a lion are fortunately very rare.

An instance of acclimatisation is reported from Brittany, which, if correct, is of great interest. An American, who had lived in Australia, has bought a property in Brittany, one of the wildest districts of France, and turned out a number of kangaroos. The kangaroos have so increased that they have invaded the woods near, and a hunt is being organised to kill off the surplus stock. In some parts of Brittany these hunts were regular communal affairs, and there is no doubt that the old custom will be revived with zest if the new game continues to spread. We have often drawn attention to the way in which the smaller kangaroos flourish in English parks. But we should like to hear some more of the Breton experiment.

We note with satisfaction that the view recently expressed in these columns, on the proposal to supply the soldiers at Aldershot with milk from a sewage farm in a particularly unhealthy neighbourhood, has been adopted by the House of Commons. Mr. Jeffreys, in Committee of Supply, moved to reduce the Army Vote by £100, in order to draw attention to this scheme. Mr. Powell Williams, Under-Secretary for War, at first refused to give way, or even to grant an enquiry—why, we cannot imagine, for the feeling aroused by the refusal of his department to supply a hospital ship after the Khartoum Expedition ought to have taught the War Office that we do not wish our soldiers' health neglected "on the cheap." Then enough Conservative members, to their credit, intimated that they should vote against him, and on the whips discovering that there was a danger of defeat, it was agreed to defer action pending an enquiry. We shall look out for the reply.

The Greater Britain Exhibition at Earl's Court will contain some features of interest not commonly seen in this country. It is proposed to show a number of South African Kaffirs, Zulus, and others. This rather risky experiment—Carl Hagenbeck absolutely refused to bring any men of these races over some years ago—will, no doubt, attract visitors whose relations were recently fighting for their lives against the blood relations of these men in Matabeleland. But while the returns from mining are so large, we have found abundant and remunerative labour for this half-savage and increasing population, whether in the Transvaal or further north. Meantime, Queensland is to compete with South African gold by an "exhibit" of quick-silver. Two tons of this beautiful liquid metal will form an endless "fountain," with a pool round it holding the overflow, which will be pumped up to a reservoir by machinery. To complete the graphic exhibition of the wonders of quick-silver, flat-irons will be seen floating on the quick-silver sea—iron floating on quick-silver as wood does on water.

The Irish Game Association is seeking to extend the close season for snipe and woodcock from August 1st to October 1st. A number of counties have adopted the change. It has also issued, free of cost, a useful epitome of the game laws of Ireland, and keeps a register of sporting quarters to be let there, and of keepers seeking situations. All members of the association can employ the services of county solicitors in private game prosecutions, with a reduced scale of fees, and these fees are lowered by the amount of costs recovered. We would suggest a practical experiment, if the funds of this most useful association permit. Let some of the leading members combine to hire a good useful piece of grouse ground, with, if possible, some fishing attached, on some suitable, but at present neglected, estate in Ireland; let them preserve it, if obtainable, on a long lease, and not shoot it themselves, but let the sporting rights yearly, if possible, to English tenants, and publish the results. We believe that these would be very satisfactory economically.

Another course, in connection with the development of Ireland as a sporting country should certainly be adopted. Some independent evidence, by an expert who is both a practical naturalist and a practical sportsman, should be obtained of the possibilities of Irish shooting on land now ill-stocked and ill-preserved.

If a competent hand were employed to visit, enquire into, and report on the present, past, and possible future of Irish shootings, English sporting tenants would be able to judge by this, and would be ready to make the experiment of hiring. In this way the impression, common in many quarters, that there is something wrong in Irish shootings might be removed.

The part of the Good Samaritan is not, it is well known, entirely confined to humanity, but one hardly expects to find it played to perfection by an ordinary barn-door cockerel. Nevertheless, some months ago at Brancaster Hall, near Lynn, a setting of thirteen guinea-fowls' eggs was placed under a hen, who brought off twelve; but shortly afterwards, apparently having discovered that her brood were "changelings," she forsook them. During the time of her sitting a new cockerel had been introduced into the poultry yard, and for some reason or other was given the cold shoulder by its occupants. Perhaps it was a sense of companionship in misfortune that made the unwelcomed visitor take a fancy to the neglected guinea-chicks; anyway he brought them all up most successfully, the whole twelve arriving at maturity under his fostering care. A pair of them were eaten at a luncheon-party recently, given by their owner, the late High Sheriff of Norfolk.

LORD CREWE'S WEDDING.



J. Thomson,

THE BRIDESMAIDS.

70a, Grosvenor Street, W.

Lady Annabel Crewe-Milnes.

The Hon. Maude Wyndham.

The Hon. Evelina Rothschild.

Miss Muriel White.

Lady Juliette Lowther.

Lady Celia Crewe-Milnes.

Lady Sybil Primrose.

Lady Cynthia Crewe-Milnes.

Miss Louise Hirsch.

The Hon. Margaret Wyndham.

THE marriage of the Earl of Crewe and Lady Peggy Primrose formed a brilliant opening to a London season which bids fair to develop into one of the most successful of recent years. Be this prophecy, however, as it may, there can be no gainsaying the fact that not for many a day has the venerable pile at Westminster been the scene of such a wedding as upon the occasion when a most popular ex-Viceroy of Ireland was united to the second daughter of a peer whom all sections of the public delight in honouring. All things, moreover, save one—Lord Rosebery should have won the City and Suburban with Tom Cringle the day before, to complete the happy circle of portentous surroundings—combined to render Lady Peggy's wedding a most notable event, and few married couples have commenced life's battle together more auspiciously than Lord Crewe and Lady Peggy Primrose.

All the fashionable world were present upon the occasion, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales being received at the west entrance of the Abbey by Lord Dalmeny and Dean Bradley, by whom he was conducted to a choir stall, whilst congregated within the building, awaiting the arrival of the bride, were peers and statesmen of all shades of politics, mingled with eminent representatives of Society, the bar, the stage, and literature.

Outside the Abbey an enormous crowd had congregated, the dimensions of the gathering having evidently exceeded the expectations of the police authorities; and, doubtless inspired by a desire to avoid an overwhelming yet embarrassing welcome from the public, the bridegroom, the Earl of Crewe, accompanied by the Earl of Chesterfield, his best man, entered quietly by the south aisle to await the arrival of his future bride. It was just as Big Ben was booming out the half-hour after one that Lord



LEAVING THE CHURCH.

Rosebery's state coach, drawn by bays, appeared at the west entrance conveying the bride, accompanied by her father, on whose arm she rested whilst proceeding up the nave, attended by her bridesmaids—Lady Sybil Primrose, her elder sister; Ladies Annabel, Celia, and Cynthia Crewe-Milnes, the three daughters of the bridegroom; the Hon. Maude and Margaret Wyndham, the Hon. Evelina Rothschild, Lady Juliette Lowther, Miss Muriel White, and Miss Louise Hirsch. Lady Peggy was attired in an ivory satin dress, embroidered with primroses, over a petticoat of point d'Alençon lace once worn by Marie Antoinette, her train being embroidered with diamonds, whilst natural orange blossoms surmounted her veil of Brussels lace. Her bridesmaids wore white embroidered muslin over white silk, with sashes of primrose, and hats of primrose tulle, whilst in their hands were bouquets of lovely Rothschild roses.

The officiating clergymen were the Master of Trinity and the Rev. Canon Blackburne, the Dean of Westminster standing a little behind them beneath the Lantern, and reading the concluding prayers. Upon the completion of the ceremony the bridal party proceeded to the Jerusalem Chamber, accompanied by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge, who most cordially offered them their congratulations and signed the register as witnesses.

And then the youthful and beautiful Countess of Crewe, now Lady Peggy Primrose no longer, was led by her husband to the



LORD ROSEBERY.

sire to obtain a view of the bride completely baffled the powers of the police to restrain them. The arrival at Berkeley Square, and likewise the departure thence, were scenes of public enthusiasm such as the metropolis has rarely known save upon the occasion of Royal nuptials. It was fortunate, therefore, that the force of guardians of the peace had been increased, else in their desire to welcome the bride and bridegroom it is quite possible that the crowd would have seriously incommoded those whom they desired to honour.

On alighting from their carriage, however, the Earl and Countess of Crewe were visibly touched by the spontaneous

warmth of the reception they received, the girl bride bearing herself bravely to the last, pausing for just one instant to acknowledge the expression of good wishes bestowed upon her by a graceful inclination of her head. Most enthusiastic, too, were the greetings awarded to the Prince of Wales and Lord Rosebery upon their arrival in Berkeley Square, the huge crowd subsequently remaining patiently outside until shortly after seven o'clock, when the recently-united couple left for Welbeck Abbey, placed at their disposal by the Duke of Portland for the honeymoon. The Countess of Crewe's travelling dress was of white cloth trimmed with primrose stitching, whilst her hat was of basket shape trimmed with ostrich feathers, her departure being associated with a shower of rice accompanied by one little satin slipper, a very pleasing substitute for the "old shoe," accepted generally as an emblem of luck to newly-married couples. Once more was the pleasant ordeal of a great welcome extended to the bride and bridegroom as they entered their saloon *en route* for Welbeck, the scene at the station being as remarkable for enthusiasm as that outside the Abbey or in Berkeley Square. Indeed, Lady Peggy's wedding will ever be regarded by those who witnessed it as having invoked the most remarkable demonstration of popular enthusiasm that has been seen in London for many a long day, and its memory is likely to linger in the minds of the public for years to come.



THE wedding of the Earl and Countess of Crewe, besides being thus far the social event of the season, is interesting from the literary point of view. "Who is this Joachim du Bellay, whose book the Prince of Wales has been presenting to the bridegroom?" was a question asked that afternoon of a well-known dramatic critic. The prover of plays, knowing that discomfiture awaited him if he trumped up some vaguely general answer to the effect that the man was a French poet, bravely replied that he did not know. The ignorance is perfectly excusable, because Joachim du Bellay lived far back in the sixteenth century, and Mr. Andrew Lang is about the only one of our versifiers who has rendered his rather crabbed French into English. One hears that Lord Crewe, who inherits much of the literary taste and out-of-the-way knowledge for which his father, Lord Houghton, was remarkable, personally suggested Du Bellay to the Prince as an acceptable gift, in response to a query as to what he would care for.

Some of the other gifts at the Crewe wedding are worth notice, especially Mrs. Gladstone's of her illustrious husband's "Gleanings." One cannot help suspecting some preconceived arrangement by which Mr. Balfour and Mr. Asquith, who are, of course, strong personal friends, presented a manuscript book in white vellum and gold and a first edition of "Gulliver" respectively. And if Lord and Lady Crewe are now the possessors of two copies of Mr. William Watson's poems, one presented by the talented author, and the other by Sir Algernon West, they can console themselves with the thought of the inevitability of "doubles" on the occasion of a popular marriage. It might be wished, indeed, that presents of books were more general than they are; and perhaps the Primrose wedding may bring them into fashion. They do not require perpetual cleaning like plate, and so would be blessings in small households, even if they were never opened. They are not liable to be stolen like diamonds, because literary burglars must be rarities, even though Charles Peace was something of a *virtuoso*. If donors imitated Mr. Asquith, and went in for first editions, they need be under no fear of being accused of niggardliness. The drawback to book presents is that, in the case of recent works, your very kind friends can discover the exact amount of your generosity by the simple process of consulting the publishers' advertisement columns. But why not resort to the grand old "standard" authorities, which everyone likes to have about him, even in an uncut condition?

Mr. Edmund Gosse made a distinctly good suggestion at the Royal Literary Fund dinner. It was that Sir George Trevelyan should write a "Horace at the University of Khartoum." This is not the first time that Sir George has been asked to resume that lighter vein which found, perhaps, its best expression in "The Letters of a Competition Wallah." He was approached not long ago by the editor of an anthology of University poems, but the reply was a melancholy negative on the score of age. But that was in the days when Sir George had not succeeded in emancipating himself from politics. Now that he has renewed his literary youth, there seems no reason whatever why he should not give us another "Ladies in Parliament." The excuse of old age will not serve him, because the biographical dictionaries plainly prove that inveterate humourist, Mr. F. C. Burnand, to be his senior by a good year.

Another of Mr. Gosse's observations, in the course of a capital speech, which was a good deal to the point, concerned the tendency of novelists to regard themselves as the only existing literary people. "I am not content," he declared, "that poetry, history, philosophy, criticism, and the essay should be packed off to bed in order to leave a clear ballroom for fiction"—an excellent sentiment and well put. At the same time the more serious kinds of literature have largely themselves to blame if they are in disfavour. A readable history of the Macaulay type is rarely published nowadays. One is assailed by document after document, however remote the age under review, and however difficult the style of the chronicler. Why will not biographers study brevity, instead of filling page after page with letters that have next to no interest outside the family circle of the biographed? In terseness and lucidity our writers of the solid prose have much to learn from the French, and notably from that master of presentment, Taine. If our historians would only imitate him, our booksellers would cease to complain that their works will not "go down."

Mr. Gosse's complaint of the all-pervasiveness of the novel may, or may not, have been prompted by the *Daily Telegraph's* "Hundred Best Novels" by the "World's Greatest Writers of Fiction." But other critics have been much more concerned in proving their own omniscience by picking holes in the list. Such a selection, however, is bound to be made more or less at haphazard, and even though Sir Edwin Arnold, Mr. W. L. Courtney, and Dr. Traill were at the editor's elbow to give advice, it does not follow that their advice could have been adopted. Reasons of copyright are personally responsible for the ruling out of Charles Reade's "The Cloister and the Hearth," and for the ruling in of Bret Harte's "Gabriel Conroy," and for the inclusion of "Scenes from Clerical Life" rather than "Adam Bede." As for the shout of indignation that has arisen against the reckoning of "The Wide, Wide World" among the hundred best novels, the fact remains that if it had been left out, the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph* would never have heard the last of it. "The Wide, Wide World" is always well to the front in every kind of literary *plébiscite*.

Messrs. Newnes's "International Geography" will be a book of far more permanent value than such works frequently are. As a rule, some German universalist writes them from books of travel, and, as there are gaps in the knowledge even of a German, it follows that the compilation bristles with defects. Under Dr. H. R. Mill's editing, however, the "International Geography" will contain articles by explorers and administrators thoroughly competent to say the last words, for the present, on their respective subjects. Who knows more about the Arctic regions than Dr. Nansen? and who is a more impeccable witness on the Antarctic than Sir John Murray? Sir Harry Johnston will discourse on British Central Africa, and Sir William Macgregor on British New Guinea, and so on. It is obvious that the man who has "been there," and, what is even more important, lived there, will be much more trustworthy than the enterprising Teuton who "boils down" other people's statements. Thus the close of the nineteenth century will find us possessed of an authoritative conspectus of the science of geography and the conditions of the countries of the world. Our descendants at the end of the twentieth century may sniff at it as rather out of date, but that, after all, is rather a long look ahead.

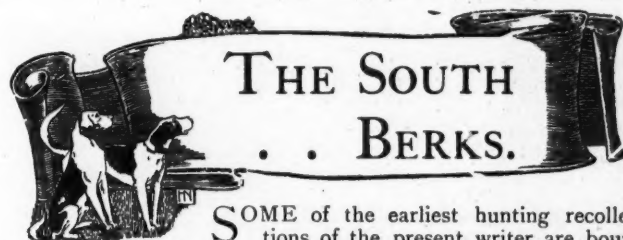
Mr. F. Vaughan Kirling's volume on sport and travel in Portuguese East Africa, which Mr. Rowland Ward is to publish next month, should be well worth reading. The country still teems with big game. It used to be a frequent custom on the Beira Railway to stop the train in order that the sportsman might have a shot at the herds of antelope. Now, one hears, the engine-driver is forbidden to pull up except for a lion. Again, Mr. Vaughan Kirling may have some stories to tell about those charming Portuguese officials with sonorous names who have

left their country for their country's good, and who are wont to be very communicative on each other's little lapses, but are most reticent on their own.

Books to order from the library :—

- "Lumsden of the Guides." General Sir Peter Lumsden and G. R. Elmslie, C.S.I. (Murray.)
 "The Two Protectors: Oliver and Richard Cromwell." Sir R. Tangye. (Partridge.)
 "Annie Mauleverer." Mrs. Mannington Caffyn. (Methuen.)
 "The Game and the Candle." Rhoda Broughton. (Macmillan.)
 "Rose-à-Chalette." Marshall Saunders. (Methuen.)
 "The Mandate." T. Baron Russell. (Lane.)

LOOKER-ON.

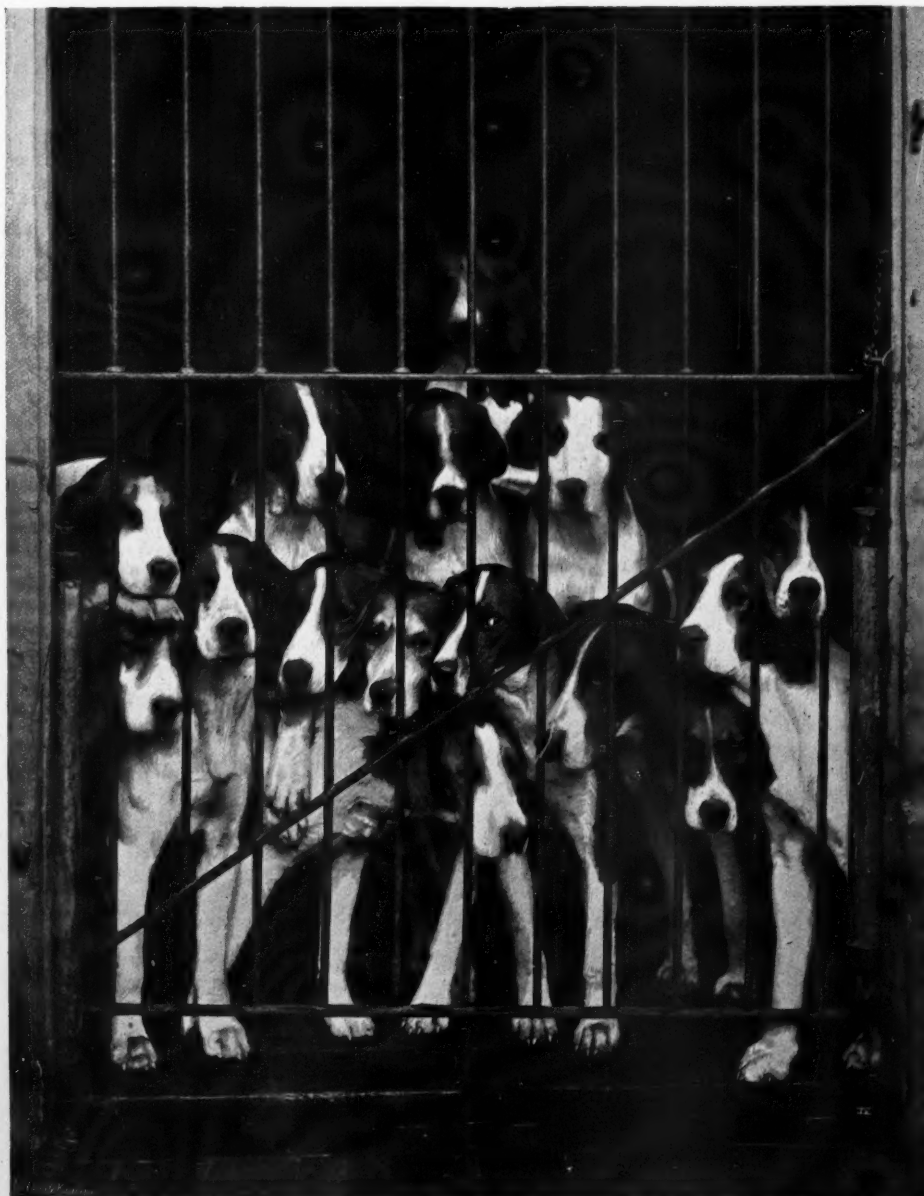


SOME of the earliest hunting recollections of the present writer are bound up with the South Berks country. It was in the days when Mr. Hargreaves was Master, and the pack was hunted with a splendour which very few packs in our day have equalled. Since the time when we boys used to scramble over the rotten banks on our ponies in the Christmas holidays there have been many changes. The portion of the Vine country lent to Mr. Hargreaves has been reclaimed by that hunt, and the Oxfordshire country is now seldom hunted. Some things, however, have not altered—the keenness of the followers, the excellence of the pack, and the stoutness of the foxes. It cannot be said that the country over which Mr. Seymour Dubourg now carries the horn is a first-rate one, for scent is too uncertain, and the coverts too near together; but I should doubt if there is any district in the provinces where hunting is more enjoyed, and where there are more bold riders. For the South Berks does carry a scent at times; then falls are numerous, for the Berkshire ditches are wide, and the Berkshire banks are rotten and treacherous.

The Master and his men, and the field, too, are mounted on very useful horses, since nothing but a hunter by schooling and aptitude is a conveyance to be trusted on the woodland side. In the down country, of which the present writer knows very little, it is said that if rain has fallen and the ground is wet then hounds go fast enough to make a blood horse gallop his best. But a country so varied, so rough, and at times so difficult for hounds to carry a scent over, demands a patient and scientific huntsman, and stout and steady hounds.

If the reader will look over the hound in the picture of Mr. Seymour Dubourg, he cannot fail to notice the fine quality and substance shown, while the hound character and intelligence displayed by the pack clustering at the door of their lodging-house, it may be on a hunting morning, must strike everyone. The excellence of the photograph, too, is remarkable. Nothing is more difficult to catch than a pack of hounds in motion. Mr. Dubourg is an enthusiast in the science of hunting, and is ready to help his hounds when there is a scent, or to leave them alone when on a bad scenting day there is nothing for it but to sit still and let them work out the line undisturbed and undistracted.

There is no country where hounds need to be able to trust to themselves more, for the South Berkshire woodlands are very close, and it is difficult for hounds to push their fox through at any pace. A strong point of this hunt is the race of farmers. They are very fond of sport, and some good horses are raised and schooled in the district. At the late South Berks



Elliott and Fry.

"WE WANT TO GET OUT."

Copyright

Point-to-Point, the farmers' race brought out no fewer than fifteen starters, and the winner, Remo, was a capital stamp of horse. Of the ladies who hunt, there is, of course, Mrs. Seymour Dubourg, who takes a great interest in hounds and hunting, and Mrs. E. M. Sturges, whose husband won the heavy-weight point-to-point this year. This lady once owned a very good horse called Kandahar, on which she used to more than hold her own with the Staff College Drag. For in South Berks you can vary fox-hunting with the stag or drag, and make one of the field with the Royal Buckhounds, or contend for glory with the soldiers' drag. The South Berks country includes a part of that over which Lord Coventry hunts the carted deer, and over which George III. delighted to follow



Elliott and Fry.

THE MASTER.

Copyright



Elliott and Fry. MRS. SEYMOUR DUBOURG.

Copyright

his own hounds. It was from Reading, after the King's favourite deer Starlight had brought the hounds all the way from Aldermaston, that His Majesty had that often told of ride back to Windsor in a butcher's cart. In our time Comins and the lady pack have shown some good sport. It is not necessary to point out that Reading, close to which is the kennel of the South Berks, is very conveniently situated for the man who must hunt by rail. If you need to use the iron covert hack, there is none so pleasant as the G.W.R. for the purpose. The South Berks hunt three days a week, with an occasional bye-day, and are likely to prosper and show sport while Mr. Dubourg holds the reins of office and the Berkshire farmers till the land.

CYCLING NOTES.

THE National Cyclists' Union has scarcely enhanced its position by publishing a statement as to its private membership. According to statistics which appear in the current number of the *National Cyclists' Union Review*, the total number of members who have paid an individual membership subscription is 1,110 for the whole country. This contrasts somewhat feebly with the 54,000 membership of the Cyclists' Touring Club. Singularly enough, it is the habit of the Union to boast a membership of 70,000. The total is made up in this fashion, that the Union consists chiefly of affiliated clubs; and if a given club, with say 200 members, decides to be affiliated to the Union, the latter immediately claims the whole number of that club's members as its own. It may be taken for granted, however, that a very small percentage of the said club members would take the trouble to individually subscribe to the Union, and the 70,000 total is about as delusive as could well be. In the case of the Cyclists' Touring Club, of course, every member must bestir himself to the extent of securing his own election and paying his individual subscription; but the National Cyclists' Union membership appears to be built up in batches.

The Post Office is at last waking up in respect of the utilisation of cycles, and it is announced that for the future the collection of letters from suburban pillar-boxes will be undertaken by this means, and that postmen will be officially supplied with machines. There has been a good deal of unofficial cycling by postmen, but the practice has not been systematically encouraged, as will henceforth be the case. Cycles are also being used more generally in rural districts, and none too soon. The whole postal service is capable of being materially accelerated if the right means be employed; in some districts it is shockingly behind the times, and not very far remote from London either.

It is in the delivery of telegrams, perhaps, that the cycle seems most to commend itself, and one would like to see every post-office supplied according to its needs with a stud of safeties. Where cyclist messengers have been employed the experiment has proved highly successful, and particulars have just been published of the practical results attained at one particular office not far from London. Until recently the work of delivering telegrams received at this station involved the employment of twenty-two boys. Since it was selected, however, by the authorities as a suitable area for a trial of the cycle, and four machines were officially provided, the postmaster has been enabled to dispense with the services of four messengers. It has been found that to allow the mounted messenger one half the time which he formerly required on foot for any given journey is in practice quite sufficient, so that for each cycle messenger one foot messenger may be dispensed with, that is to say, if the entire messenger staff be equipped with cycles its members may be reduced by one half.

These facts, moreover, it is pointed out, are not without a very important bearing to the recipient of the telegram, to whom it means that the message comes in little more than half the time that formerly was necessary. It is calculated, therefore, that an enormous amount of business which is now lost to the department, because a would-be sender of a message may doubt whether his telegram would arrive in time, would quickly be secured if this doubling of speed in delivery were made universal. At the particular office in question, in fact, it is said that the four messengers who were discharged will shortly be required again owing to the increase in business. Consequently it is not improbable that in the end the bicycle will increase instead of diminish the number of messengers for whom employment will be found, and of course the Imperial Revenue will be enriched accordingly, and the convenience to the public generally greatly enhanced.

Another fatal accident has occurred through the breaking of a front fork, and is one more witness to the desirability of neither cutting prices nor weight when purchasing a machine. The catastrophe in question occurred at Mansfield, where a local cyclist was riding along level ground at an estimated pace of about eleven miles an hour, when one fork-blade of his machine broke in two and the other "doubled up." He was, of course, thrown forward violently on to the road, and died while he was being carried to a hospital, the cause being certified as concussion of the brain. There is no direct evidence to show the actual cause of the breakage—that is to say, whether it was due to defective workmanship, or any imprudence of selection on the part of the rider; but when one remembers how finely drawn is the factor of safety in the case of a bicycle as compared with any other weight-carrying product, it behoves one to exercise all reasonable care and avoid weight-cutting and bargain-hunting alike.

Mention of accidents, by the way, recalls a curious incident that is related in a Bridgwater journal as having happened in that locality. Two cyclists, it is stated, were returning to Bridgwater, when one of them, instead of keeping to the main roads, "swerved to the left, and rode over a 2ft. wall, and across a brook 10ft. wide on the other side," eventually landing in a garden, and there coming into collision with an apple tree. The neighbours, on coming out to know what had happened, saw the rider lying prostrate and insensible, his head being near the brook. He was found to have sustained severe bruises on the face and head, but was sufficiently recovered next morning to resume his journey. What caused the swerve to the left the narrative does not state, but its result is certainly exceptional, even among the many curious mishaps that have been chronicled from time to time.

THE PILGRIM.



COTTERSTOCK HALL is situated in Northamptonshire, in the valley of the Nene, and is one of the many good specimens of Elizabethan architecture so often to be met with in the Midland and Southern Counties of England. One of the principal features of the Hall is the complete letter E which the front of the building forms, stamping it at once as being Elizabethan, for no doubt the origin of houses having that characteristic came from the first letter in the Queen's Christian name.

Cotterstock Hall was built in 1565; a fine elm avenue, which evidently in former days went straight up to the entrance, is now divided by the main road which leads to the small town of Oundle. Inside the house are oak staircases, oak floors, panelled rooms, and stone chimney-pieces—in fact, so high is the one in the dining-room that steps have to be used when the clock requires winding. The bedroom known by the name of "Dryden's" is charming and quaint, panelled from ceiling to floor in old oak, with carved cornice and sloping roofs; the latter, though picturesque, are hardly convenient for tall people. The interest of this room is great, for it was here that the poet Dryden wrote his fables and poems. In 1698 this manor house belonged to a Mr. Steward, whose wife was a cousin of the poet's, she being a daughter of John Creed, Esq., of Oundle, Secretary for Tangiers to Charles II. Mrs. Creed was only daughter of Sir Gilbert Pickering, Baronet, Dryden's first cousin, hence the relationship between Dryden and Mrs. Steward. According to Bridge, "At this house Mr. Dryden wrote his fables." Malone gives rather a different opinion: "In the autumn of the year 1698 Dryden made an excursion from

Titchmarsh to Cotterstock, and appears to have passed a few weeks there; and in 1699 he spent full six weeks at the same house. Perhaps in that time he wrote two or three hundred verses of the volume afterwards published with the little title of 'Fables,' but that was the utmost, for he himself



DRYDEN'S ROOM.

has told us that in his visits to the country his object was to unweary himself, not to drudge."

No doubt Mrs. Steward was a great favourite; she was a beauty and a wit, and again, to quote Malone, "esteemed one of the finest women that appeared at Queen Mary's Court"; she was a poet and artist, and it is said she decorated the house with frescoes, but as yet no trace of them has been found. It may interest my readers if I give a few extracts from some of Dryden's letters to his cousin—or "cousine," as he preferred to address her.

The earliest is dated October 1st, 1698:

"MADAM,—You have done me the honour to invite so often that it would look like want of respect to refuse it any longer. How can you be so good to an old decrepid man, who can entertain you with no discourse which is worthy of your good sense, and who can only be a trouble to you in all the time he stays at Cotterstock? . . . My son kisses your hand. Be pleased to give his humble service to my cousin Steward and mine who am, Madam,

"Your most obedient, obliged servant,
"JOHN DRYDEN."

"To my Honoured Cousine,
Mrs. Steward, att
Cotterstock."



FOTHERINGHAY CHURCH.

The next is dated November 20th, 1698, and is written to Mr. Steward:

"MY HONOUR'D COUSIN,—You are pleased to invite another trouble on yourself which our bad company may possibly draw upon you next year if I have life and health to come into Northamptonshire, and that you will please not to make such a stranger of me another time. I intend my wife" (Lady Dryden was in London) "shall taste the plover you did me the favour to send me."

Three days after he writes again to Mrs. Steward:

"If your house be so often molested, you will have reason to be weary of it before the ending of the year, and wish Cotterstock were planted in a desert an hundred miles off from any poet."

On Candlemas Day he writes again:

"Old men are not so insensible of beauty as it may be you young ladies think. . . . I would also flatter myself with the hopes of waiting on you at Cotterstock sometime next summer; but my want of health may perhaps hinder me. . . . I pass my time sometimes with Ovid and sometimes with one old English poet, Chaucer; translating such stories as best please my fancy, and intend besides them to add somewhat of my own; so that it is not impossible, but ere the summer be pass'd, I may come down to you with a volume in my hand like a dog out of the water with a duck in his mouth. As for the rarities you promise, if beggars might be choosers, a part of a chine of honest bacon would please my appetite more than all the marrow puddings, for I like them better plain, having a very vulgar stomach."

I must not weary my readers with any more extracts, but I may recall to their memory that quite recently sixteen letters from Dryden, addressed to Mrs. Steward, were sold in London for the large sum of £330. Dryden died on April 11th, 1700.

The present owner of the house, Lord Melville, is a great book-collector, and many a happy hour may be whiled away perusing the "treasures" in his study; and not merely in books does his fancy lie, but many a good piece of old oak furniture, which is in harmony with the building, has he picked up, though one interesting piece, viz., a "chaise Longue," carved round the sides and at the top with the Tudor rose and surmounted with a crown, has been in the house many years, and some think it may have come out of Fotheringhay Castle. On the wall of the staircase leading up to the drawing-room is a very fine bit of Flemish tapestry of the sixteenth century, and is in good preservation. The drawing-room is very comfortable, and has a cross-light, which, in my humble opinion, always gives a bright and cheerful look. In the dining-room is an exceptionally fine "Black Jack" or "Leather Bottel," of which an illustration is given, and I can well imagine that it is no exaggeration when I am told that it can contain three and a-half gallons of beer. The date 1646, with the initials "C.R." and crown, are stamped in the leather of the "Black Jack."

Passing out into the grounds, I find myself looking at the ivy-covered house from various points of view, and very picturesque it looks, whether one sees it in full front, or from



THE HALL.

stable-yard or from kitchen garden, where from the borders in the broad walk one is welcomed by many old friends—Madonna lilies, sweet peas, mignonette, rosemary, lavender, rue, bergamot, and herbaceous treasures, diffusing their sweetness across one's path—and where one almost expects to meet a knight or dame, dressed in the costume of the sixteenth century, taking their daily stroll, and perchance listening to the nightingales, which abound in this neighbourhood, or, on a fine June day, feasting their eyes on a galaxy of beauty, in the lovely blossoms of many roses, who scramble and vie with each other in anxiety to get a place or nook on the old-fashioned wall which separates the pleasure grounds from the kitchen garden.

Beyond the gardens the eye wanders over green pastures with verdant glades and flowery meads, showing in the distance the perfect Lantern Tower of the interesting ill-fated church of Fotheringhay. Great historical and mournful interest enshrines the village of Fotheringhay, where, to satisfy her Royal cousin's relentless jealousy, the beautiful Mary Stuart met her doom. Nothing now remains of the castle in which the mock trial and bloody deed took place, with the exception of one block of masonry, and the mound of the keep in the shape of a fetterlock, which is one of the badges of the Ducal House of York. The oak staircase, which in former days was in the castle, is still to be seen at the Talbot Inn in Oundle, which, by the way, is a very pretty old house.

I was shown a room in a farmhouse near, where the executioner is said to have passed the night before performing his ignoble mission. The beautiful church, with its Lantern Tower and flying buttresses, I consider ill-fated, not merely with its memories of the sad past, but also because it seems no one's business to attempt to restore it; consequently, this noble edifice is rapidly falling into ruin, and, inside, the roof has to be supported by scaffolding, for it has been pronounced unsafe and dangerous to hold a service on a stormy night. I cannot leave Fotheringhay Church without mentioning the lovely bit of stone roofing of fan tracery work near the west window, similar to that in Henry VII.'s Chapel in Westminster Abbey, also in Christ Church, Oxford. There are also two interesting tombs put up by Queen Elizabeth to the Dukes of York when the choir fell to ruin, round the base of which is the device of the falcon and fetterlock carved in stone. "Whilst that powerful family was contending for the Crown, the falcon was represented as endeavouring to expand its wings, and force open the lock. When the family had actually ascended the throne, the falcon was represented as free, and the lock open. The western windows were ornamented with the rose, the white hart, the fetterlock, and the lion." The original bridge was built by Queen Elizabeth in 1573, but was rebuilt in 1722.

On my return to Cotterstock I pass Perry Mill, where legend says that Mary Stuart, when on her way to Fotheringhay, exclaimed, with true presentiment, "Perio" (I perish), now corrupted to Perio or Perry. I leave Cotterstock Wood on my right, from which slopes a field called "The Gilded Acre," but I cannot trace the origin of the name except that popular tradition says the field conceals a treasure.

Cotterstock is one of those pretty English villages possessing thatched cottages, a school-house, and one small public-house,



"BLACK JACK."



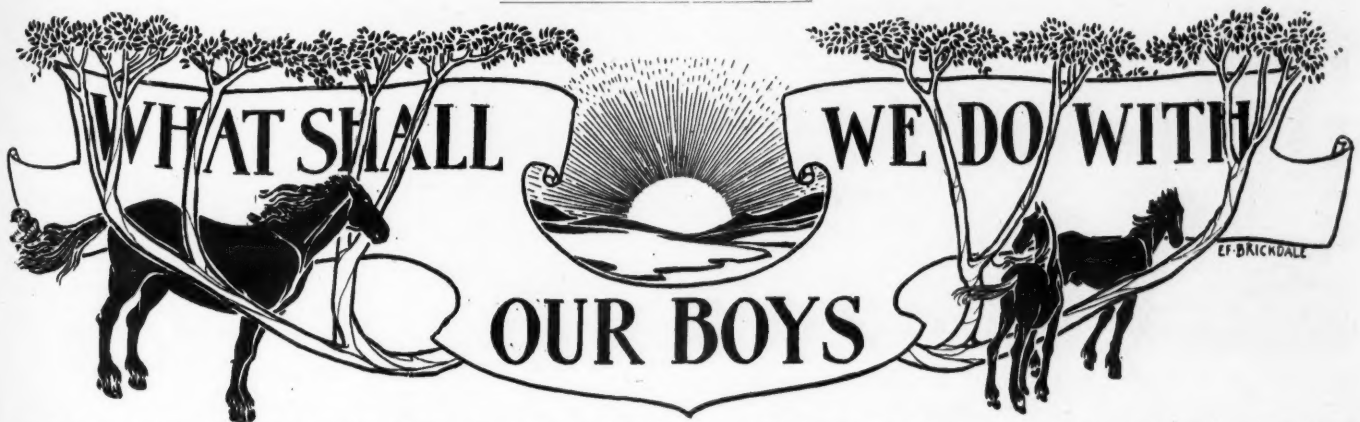
FROM THE GARDEN.

over which hangs a sign-board with a drawing of a gate and the following words :

"The gate hangs well
And hinders none ;
Refresh, repay,
And forward on."

In this part of the country when thatch is not used the roofs of houses and cottages are often made of a peculiar slate, resembling stone called Collyweston, after a neighbouring village possessing the quarry. It gives a much more attractive appearance to buildings than when roofed with the ordinary cold blue slate. Walking through the village past the vicarage I come to a cross, recently restored by Lord Melville, with a base of square stone probably 500 years old. An avenue of

elms leads up to the beautiful church dedicated to St. Andrew. It is situated in an ideal spot ; the well-kept churchyard slopes gently down to the river, with golden cornfields waving in the distance ; an old-fashioned mill, originally founded by the Monks of Peterborough, is on the right, and a sense of peace and calm steals over the beholder, for it is a bit of true rural English scenery, and seems to bid "farewell" to all feelings of discontent. I hope that this article, which I must now bring to a close, may inspire some of my readers to take the train to Peterborough, and if, after visiting the glorious cathedral, they would continue their holiday for an extra day, I am sure they would not regret the time spent in visiting the churches of Warmington, Fotheringhay, Cotterstock, and Oundle, and some of the interesting manor houses and ruins in the neighbourhood.



IF it is obviously useless for the Mother Country to send good money to be invested by indifferent men, the quality of immigrants is a matter of vital importance to the colonies. Success is not in the numbers which go out anywhere, but in the few fit persons who make their fortunes, and at the same time assist in moulding the trade methods of the Empire.

Unfortunately young men in this country are as oblivious of the effects of government upon industrial enterprise as they are of the close connection between the public and the executive. What a nation is, that is its administration. The actual frame of the law may be copied from elsewhere, or be devised by one good man, but its practical effect rests with the intelligence of the people. It is, therefore, highly important to regard with a critical eye other affairs in the colonies besides natural products and commerce as offering opportunities or impediments.

Emigrants for Cape Colony desiring information, who have the courage to disturb the repose of the Agent-General, will receive a meagre but truthful return. There are no blue books, no emigration bureaux in any seaports, no report such as Canada and Natal issue. With the exception of the police and the rifles, there is no inducement to emigrate. The officials are perfectly fair and straightforward. Perhaps they take a somewhat too roseate view of the career in the Mounted Police. An up-country magistracy—the plum of the Service—is, after all, a humble aspiration as compared with the chances offered by the Indian Army, the Egyptian Service, or the West Indian regiments. The recent campaign in Bechuanaland afforded an instance of a force despatched by Government to reduce a rebellion—commanded by men inexperienced in active service, and composed of mixed troops unaccustomed to manœuvre. That Government has paid heavily in money ; the colony has



Barnard.

GROOTE SCHUUR, THE RESIDENCE OF MR. RHODES.

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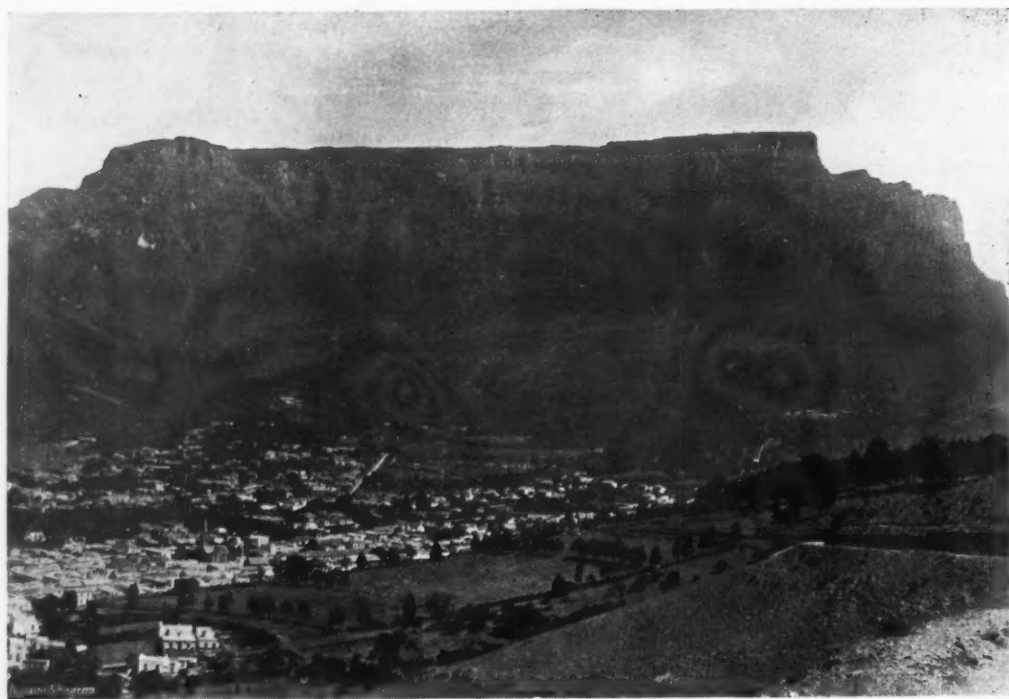


TABLE MOUNTAIN FROM SIGNAL HILL.

lost in men. Had the vast sum so wastefully strewn upon the veldt been expended previously in proper equipment and adequate training, there would at least be an economy in the sentiment of regret. Here we touch a point where colonial administration bears directly upon emigration.

"The arbitrament of Time" is the cant phrase introduced by speakers who wish to excuse the methods of the Old colony. Doubtless many difficulties there existing will eventually go down into the dust. But there is a difficulty which Time will not remove, because it is inherent in the climate. There is a tendency to indolence which increases with every generation reared at the Cape, and the fourth must inevitably return periodically to Europe if it is not to be an absolute hindrance.

The lack of sympathy in the Home authorities, composed as they are of men of a totally different mould to those who drive the colonies on their path, is not half so deadly as the want of sympathy and apprehension in Cape Colony itself. It is that spirit to which fundamentally must be ascribed all that is implied by the distinction of the Cape as "the grave of reputations."

It used to be said that "in Cape Town it is always afternoon." But this pleasant way of stating things is inadequate. The colony should be described as "always arriving the day after the fair." A perfect instance of this was afforded by the determination after the deplorable Bechuanaland campaign to do everything which should have been done previously. Centres have been created recently at Kokstadt and Umlata, where limited bodies of troops receive some kind of training, and are taught to act in concert as they never were before.

Of course inexperience will be pleaded as an excuse, but for a colony upwards of 200 years old it is clearly not the inexperience of ignorant youth. Before the drought and locusts had ruined the farmers, the Government railway charged so high a rate on corn as to restrict the farmers in the Eastern Provinces from growing it. When famine pressed even upon the seaports, down came the rates, and up went the hands of the officials to think of the fortunes the farmers would make. As the most likely farming to encourage irrigation, and consequently water storage, grain growing should have been encouraged by all possible measures, even by a bounty. The profits would have been invested in dams which would be there to-day. Low rates have come "the day after the fair."

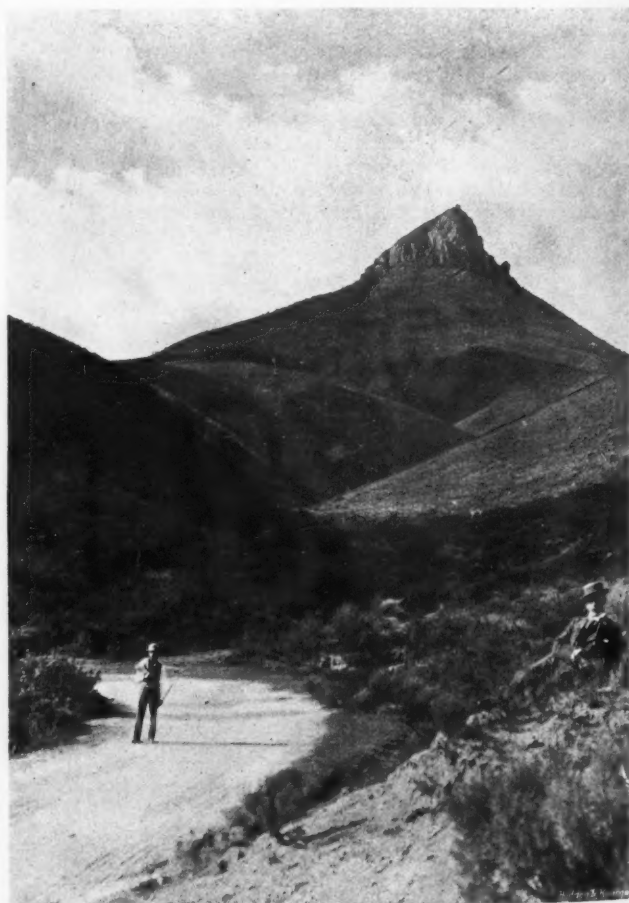
For upwards of ten years the locusts have been descending upon the whole colony. But it was not until they had reached the sea, and accounted for many thousands of pounds damage, that the House of Assembly voted the sum of £250 to be spent in "the investigation of locusts." Quite recently the advisability of continuing this munificent assignment was warmly discussed in the House, while the locusts were busy devouring all vegetation, and in some localities even the people's clothes and books. They are strange insects of amazing character, and if to their other pronounced traits they add a sense of humour, how much amusement the proceedings of the Legislature must afford them in the Land of Bondage.

Before the rinderpest came down upon the colony, a veterinary surgeon and his staff existed by appointment to the Government. But though warned of the plague which followed

on the heels of the locusts, these officials were not permitted to go and study it until it arrived in the colony. Then every other method was tried first—beginning with barbed wire and police patrols—before scientific preventive treatment was in any sense attempted. Yet another feature in the administration was demonstrated in connection with the rinderpest. Ignorance, combined with maliciousness, inspired a section of the population with the criminal design of spreading the disease. This abomination was successfully perpetrated, and the matter was hushed up.

The awfulness of rinderpest has driven other diseases into the shade partly because so few cattle exist. But no one entering the colony with a view to settlement must neglect a searching enquiry into the laws relating to the Contagious Diseases of Animals. Though cattle are owned in vast herds by semi-civilised and wholly uneducated Kaffirs, not even the missionaries have instilled

a single sensible notion relating to treatment into the brains of these people. Though, to his astonishment, the emigrant will find every European disease, with one at least from America, and several peculiar to South Africa, he will not find any measures at all comparable to those so rigidly enforced in this country. The history of the matter in Great Britain



A PEAK NEAR STELLENBOSCH.

has one obvious moral—that diseases can be controlled, and even stamped out, but only by the rigid and universal enforcement of stringent laws by a strong central authority. If space permitted, few things would afford more profit than to study the humours of remedial legislation in Cape Town, where the Government nearly came to grief over initiating a Scab Act. It would have been lost altogether if a compromise had not been made whereby the Boers were allowed

to appoint their own district inspectors. The row created by the Scab Act has not yet subsided, but in the meanwhile scabby fleeces have so damaged the South African wool trade that by the time an effective measure is passed there will be no trade to promote—a fact that other countries will know how to profit by.

The following song from the pen of a witty American is finely descriptive of the conditions in this most fertile land,



LOCUSTS—ORANGE TREE BEFORE THE ATTACK.

blessed with a perfect climate and virgin soil, and also of the benefits derived by the purveyors and shippers of provisions to the inhabitants thereof, who are as isolated as ships at sea :

"Come, love ! Let's wander mountainward
From our large city flat,
And lose ourselves in hotel rooms
The size of my plug hat.
Let's turn from artificial life
And cleave to Nature's heart,
Where all we eat and drink is bought
From New York's Fulton mart.

"Come, love ! Let's climb the trees and shake
Those jars of Bartlett pears
Which country boarding-houses serve
To strangers unawares.
Come ; from the garden bush we'll pick
Those cans of luscious peas
Whose labels say they come direct
From away across the seas.

"And oh, what joy to milk the cows
Of cream condensed in tins—
The kind hermetically sealed
They serve in country inns !
We'll dig potatoes from the sacks
That in Bermuda grow,
And hunt lured eggs the chickens laid
In Kansas months ago.

"Oh, fair the sight of bushes hung
With fresh-imported jams !
Oh, sweet the pensive bleating of
Refrigerated lambs !
Come, love ! Let's wander mountainward
Where only man is vile,
And landlords do their farming with
Can openers—and a smile."

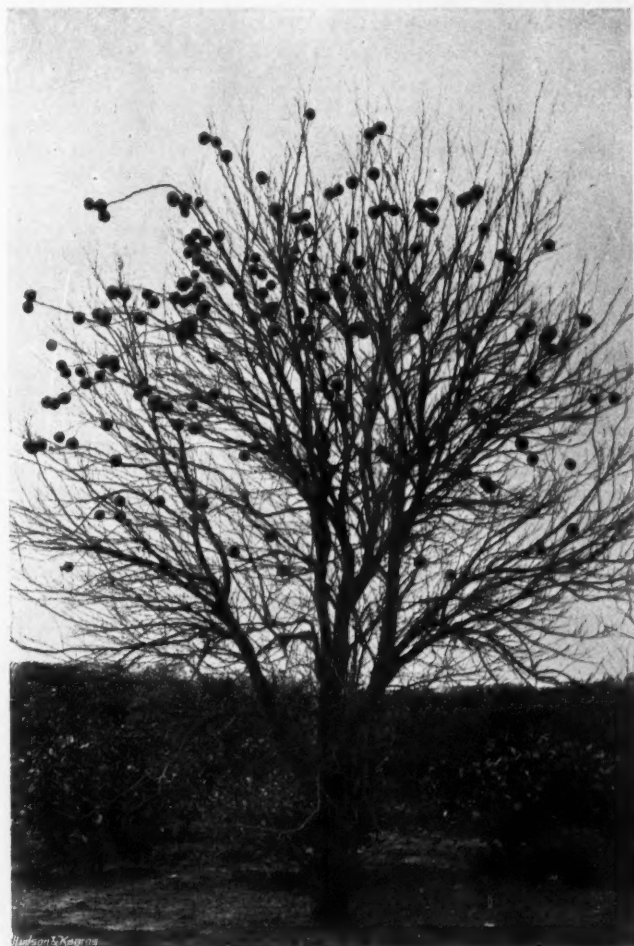
But the charms of satire are lost upon the class who are most in fault. These are the back country Dutch, who have trekked away from civilisation for generations, and may be found by the

sportsman or trader in the remote parts of the colony and Bechuanaland. Few travellers penetrate sufficiently far from the beaten track to come upon him in all his squalor, dense ignorance, and criminal degradation. He has generally a little mixture of the Kaffir in his blood, but his way of living is lower than that of any Kaffir, and he is amenable to no tribal law. His chief attribute is unequalled cunning, and his sole object in life is the evasion of all laws or rules whatsoever. These men breed up a plentiful progeny in a state of total ignorance, wherein morals have no part or lot, and, needless to say, the land they own is the hotbed for all descriptions of vermin, pests, and plagues.

The more enlightened Boer, though nearer civilisation, is still retrogressive, and politically a strong supporter of the Bond. He refuses to destroy locusts, regards the scab with religious veneration, and holds curative measures in abhorrence as contrary to Biblical teaching. His farm is bare veldt, with a badly-kept mealie plot and a filthy kraal, where scabby sheep and diseased cattle submit to the will of the Lord. Some vines dead with phylloxera, and broken-down peach trees stripped by the locusts, complete the scene in whose centre the Boer sits smoking vile tobacco till his responsibilities as a legislator summon him to Cape Town.

That at length the party which has some "get" in it should rouse itself from idle spectatorship of the Boer *tableau vivant* of Abraham, is not to be wondered at. The revolt of the British against Krugerism and bondage has come knocking at the door of Imperial Parliament and half the Courts in Europe. With them heart and soul are the enlightened Progressive Dutch, whose position would be a difficult one, were it not embraced with considerable courage and shrewd intelligence.

These men see how the ignorance of their own people has been traded upon, fostered and encouraged by the renegade, the adventurer, and the foreign hybrid. They are perfectly aware of the empty nonsense of the talk about an Independent South Africa with a Navy of its own, of "the superiority of the Boers to the British"; and in their hearts they deplore that Great



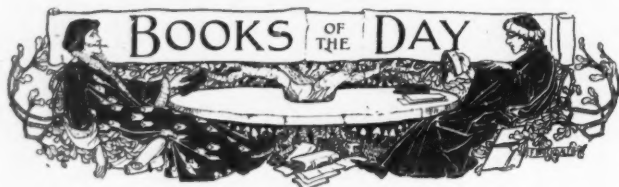
LOCUSTS—ORANGE TREE AFTER THE ATTACK.

Britain has not taken a stronger line with those make-believe statesmen who have proved to their generation how "accursed is he who maketh the blind to go out of his way."

Juxtaposition is the great difficulty, also the want of cohesion in the administration. Till the defects pointed out are remedied, there can be no safety for investments, and Cape Colony will not attract the best men. When education has become compulsory, when a hundred experimental farms with bacteriological

institutes attached dot the land, when the Government analyst and irrigation surveyor have solved the problem attaching to land and water, when the veterinary surgeon is everywhere, and stringent laws are adequately enforced respecting disease—then we may arrive at the condition which passed before the mind of a Roman Emperor, and which he expressed in the words of Plato as “an orderly combining of contraries.”

FRANCES MACNAB.



A WORK of adventure gains immensely in interest by coming pat to the moment, and thus is it with Major G. J. Younghusband's “The Philippines and Round About” (Macmillan and Co.). Even as a commentary upon Reuter telegrams, the book will be found uncommonly useful, since its excellent map enables one to trace the operations from week to week with ease and certainty. The author of “The Relief of Chitral” has more serious objects in view, however, than the mere elucidation of the daily paper. He has evidently pondered much and deeply on the future of the Philippines. Filled with righteous indignation at the Spanish cruelty and mismanagement, which came to a head some three years ago in another “Black Hole of Calcutta,” Major Younghusband perceives, at the same time, the difficulties before the Americans, whether they try, democrats though they are, to make the islands what we should call a Crown Colony, or to furnish them with those free institutions for which they are totally unfitted as yet. His solution, accordingly, is that the United States should “square” Aguinaldo, and that they should then hand over the Philippines to us in exchange for some of the West Indian possessions. A bit “viewy,” is it not, and has not President Aguinaldo himself made rather a mess of Major Younghusband's speculations? Fortunately the volume contains much that is of interest besides high and somewhat remote politics. Major Younghusband turns a keen eye upon character, and nothing could be better in this way than his personal impressions of Aguinaldo. The little Filipino may be profoundly ignorant—he did not know whether the battle of Omdurman was won by the English or the Americans—but in his slow, listless fashion he is a ruler of men. His Court may be childishly barbaric, but he takes care that it contains no rivals to himself; they are removed in the quiet but effective manner recommended by Machiavelli. We gather that Aguinaldo considerably disconcerted Admiral Dewey's calculations by his declaration of independence, tactful diplomatist though the latter is. Major Younghusband's narrative of the American commander's honourable exertions to prevent Aguinaldo's troops from massacring every Spaniard in Manila cannot be read without a thrill of emotion. But the most startling passages in an absorbing book concern the relations between the American and German officers. Clearly Washington and Berlin were within a little of an open quarrel, and peace was only preserved by Anglo-Saxon solidarity. When a German naval officer asked Sir Edward Chichester, in command of the *Immortalité*, what would happen if Admiral Dewey bombarded Manila, the reply was, “That, sir, is only known to Admiral Dewey and myself.” It will be seen that Major Younghusband is a frank partisan, and admirers of the Spaniards will probably be very angry with him. They can find consolation in the appalling vulgarity of the public-house advertisements which he quotes from the American newspapers already in full blast at Manila.

“The Etchingham Letters” created no small literary stir when they appeared month by month in the *Cornhill*. The paragraphist fixed upon them like a hawk on to a plump young partridge. Who could have written them? He guessed and guessed, and proclaimed anon that they were by Mrs. Fuller Maitland and Sir Frederick Pollock. The names on the title-page of the volume published by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. prove him to be quite correct. “The Etchingham Letters” gain decidedly in power to attract by their appearance in a connected form. In the *Cornhill* one might remember who the human characters were that Sir Richard and his sister Elizabeth submitted to a searching analysis, but the dogs and cats were puzzling. The present reviewer is now prepared to pass a severe examination on the identity of each and all of them. As to the contest of wits, Sir Frederick Pollock will, no doubt, chivalrously submit to the inevitable verdict, that Mrs. Fuller Maitland is its winner. Sir Richard Etchingham's letters suffer, sometimes, from a stiffness of style and an over-display of learning. Miss Etchingham, on the other hand, always writes delightfully, whether she is probing the mysteries of existence, or merely hitting off social foibles with a touch which, light though it is, never errs. Not that Sir Frederick Pollock cannot set a man or woman on their feet; he gives a capital sketch of a Radical candidate, and William Shipley, of the Record Office, is a genuine fellow, who thoroughly deserves to win the hand of Sir Richard's daughter, Margaret. The author of “Pages from the Day-book of Bethia Hardacre” excels him, nevertheless, in what Mr. George Meredith would call the fine shades and nice feelings. Miss Etchingham's vivisection of her step-mother, Laura, Lady Etchingham, would be cruel if performed on a real baronet's widow; as fiction it is marvellously clever. Equally good almost are Sir Augustus Pampesford, a posturing pomposity, and Mrs. Vivian, a trenchant lady who declares that the Christian Scientists are so called on the principle that two negatives make an affirmative, because they have nothing to do with Christianity nor science. We confess to having failed to get exactly on terms with Mrs. Newton, a melancholy figure of the what-on-earth-made-her-marry-him type, with a boor of a husband; but then her sorrows may have been introduced to vary satire with a little seriousness. Mrs. Fuller Maitland treats her readers to some weirdly real descriptions of Scottish scenery, passages the more remarkable because they were written on an invalid's sofa in London. Altogether “The Etchingham Letters” need not fear comparison with any recent fiction for the artistry—to use a vile but convenient phrase—of their workmanship. How many people, by the way, know the origin of the line “ladling butter in alternate tubs,” quoted by Sir Frederick Pollock? It comes from an epigram by that sardonic humourist, the late Professor Thorold Rogers, and the mutual admirers were no less than the present Bishop of Oxford and Professor Freeman.

A reviewer must be a curmudgeon indeed who will not readily admit the immense improvement effected in the average novel during the last ten years or

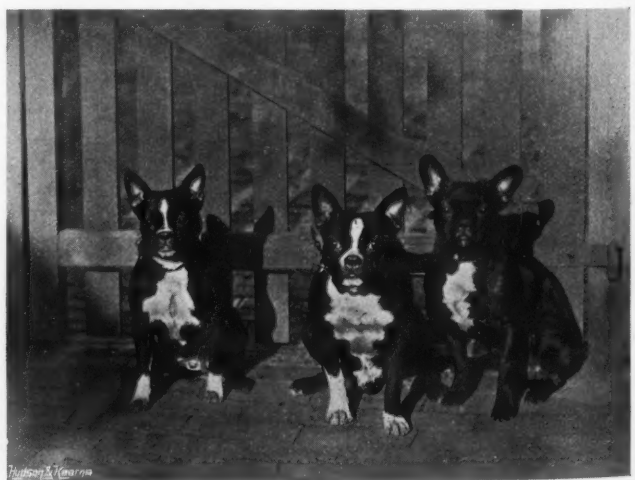
so in respect of style and presentment of character. Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick's “Cousin Ivo” (A. and C. Black) stands, perhaps, a little above the average, but illustrates the proposition accurately enough. Plot is not exactly the writer's strong point, so far as its originality goes. The plucky, straightforward young Englishman who, sent on a mission to Germany, wins a bride from her sinister, vicious cousin—do you know him? If not, Mr. Anthony Hope will supply you with an introduction. But if “Cousin Ivo” suggests “The Prisoner of Zenda,” so does “The Prisoner of Zenda” bear a certain resemblance to “The Adventures of Harry Richmond.” The stories that lend themselves to fiction have all been told long ago. Besides, Mrs. Sidgwick introduces enough novelty into her details to stamp her as a good deal better than a literary pilferer. Her capacity for making her characters talk cleverly and naturally might be envied by a great many novelists who have won more popular recognition than she can boast as yet. The hero is the quintessence of English public school education with humour superadded; the German heroine's diary reveals just the right kind of unsophisticated high-minded girl. Cousin Ivo, the villain, may be a trifle over-villainous, but a prim, gawky English governess and some Teutonic vulgarians are excellent foils to his Satanic desperation. Mrs. Sidgwick's novel is quite one to be read.

How amazingly solemn we can be! Here is Mr. E. W. Hornung dedicating “The Amateur Cracksmen” (Methuen and Co.) to “A. C. D.,” and audaciously burlesquing Mr. Conan Doyle's detective stories by making the burglar triumph over his natural enemy, and he gets gravely taken to task as a corrupter of youth. Sold for a penny, and placed in the hands of poor little gutter-snipes, the adventures of the renowned cricketer, A. J. Raffles, turned cracksmen, might not be altogether edifying. But the boys who will read the tale as published by Messrs. Methuen will surely have education enough, and humour enough, to appreciate its tolerably close parody of such well-known events as the disappearance of the Gainsborough picture and the recent escape from Dartmoor at their proper worth. The terrors, too, of poor “Bunny,” who plays Blueskin to Raffles's Jack Sheppard, are most feelingly described. Mr. Hornung made a mistake in introducing the murder of a money-lender into his narrative—the unpleasant incident is baldly developed and leads to nothing—but otherwise we really fail to see how his skit can be considered immoral.



THE TOY BULLDOG.

THE Toy Bulldog at the present time bids fair to become the most fashionable and popular of all dogs in England, and, as an off-shoot of the national breed of Britain, he is certainly entitled to the position which it appears probable he will shortly occupy. Perhaps the popularity of the Toy Bulldog may cause a pang of regret to arise in the hearts of ultra-patriotic Britons when they remember that the vast majority of the little Bulldogs are importations from France, or, at all events, descendants from animals that have come from that country; but there is consolation to be derived from the reflection



Harrison and Son.

A TRIO.

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that our neighbours across the Channel originally obtained the blood, that we are now reimporting, from us.

Some five-and-thirty years ago, in fact, the small-sized or light-weight Bulldog was common in this country; so much so that dogs of the breed that scaled over 28lb. were not encouraged at such shows as Birmingham, which was at that period the most important exhibition of its kind in England. Then by some freak of fashion the Toy Bulldog became all the rage in Paris, with the result that the celebrated Bill George, of Canine Castle, Kensal New Town, the most eminent dog dealer



J. Crowhurst.

ZOZO.

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of his or any other day, received *carte blanche* commissions from French customers to procure them light-weight Bulldogs, and by this means England was denuded of all her best specimens. Four or five years ago, however, Mr. George Krehl, when

are much preferred to the rose shape, in which the tips lay back, so that the interior of the ears and burr are fully exposed. This assertion is borne out when a comparison is drawn between the prizes offered at the forthcoming Paris Dog Show, which is to be held in the Tuileries Gardens, in May, as here Mr. Gordon Bennett, president of the French Bulldog Club of France, is offering two special prizes, of the value of 2,000fr. each, for bat-eared specimens, and two of the value of 500fr. apiece for rose-eared ones. It is noticeable, too, that the French favourites are smaller than the others, as the respective weights of males and females of this variety are 22lb. and 20lb., whilst in the so-called Toys with rose ears they are 30lb. and 26lb.

The accompanying illustrations represent some extremely choice specimens of the French or bat-eared variety, the property of Her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland. Of these the brindle pied Zozo is Her Grace's especial favourite, and accompanies her everywhere, his affection for his noble mistress and his intelligence causing him to be a pet wherever he goes. COQUIN is a dark brindle pied, and will be seen to be unusually large in skull for his weight, whilst his perfect bat ears must cause him to be accepted as an unusually fine specimen of the French variety. So, too, is the charming COQUETTE, a mite of only 20lb. weight, but most typical in shape and style; whilst NIKKO, also a brindle and white, is quite first-rate in skull and body properties. In fact, a more attractive quartette of French Toy Bulldogs could not be found in the possession of one owner, and therefore it must be added with regret that Her Grace, finding it impossible to keep so many dogs about her, is compelled to part with the three last-mentioned charming representatives of this most fashionable variety. There is satisfaction, however, in the reflection that they will doubtless



Harrison and Son.

COQUIN.

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judging at a Paris show, was captivated by the attractive little dogs, and soon negotiated some purchases; but, probably owing to their ignorance of the fact that the Toys were recognised here a generation ago, the prominent members of the Bulldog cult on this side declined to assist him to bring the little dogs to the front again. Mr. Krehl struggled pluckily for some time against prejudice; but then, contrary to the advice of one or two of his friends, who knew the Bulldogs of the past, resigned the unequal conflict and dispersed his kennel, his dogs going in different directions. Almost immediately, however, the merits of the breed became recognised as they should be, with the result that the Toy Bulldog is now favoured by the most aristocratic patronage, and Mr. Krehl's judgment has been fully vindicated, to the confusion of those who know less about dogs than he.

At the same time, the French breeders deserve all credit for having sustained the breed at a time when English breeders had completely lost sight of it; and although opinions may differ regarding the question of ears—the Parisian taste is entirely in favour of the upright “bat” ear, as shown in the accompanying illustrations—it would be churlish to deny them the credit due to their energy and perseverance. The chief faults from a Bulldog breeder's point of view, irrespective of the carriage of the ears, that are apparent in the Toy dogs, are that their lower jaws do not turn up enough nor their noses lay back sufficiently towards the eyes, whilst many of the best specimens are not so much turned out at the shoulders as is the fashion amongst the heavier dogs. All these points are, however, more or less matters of opinion, and if the English lovers of the Toys care to apply themselves thereto, they can, without much trouble, introduce the improvements which appear good in their sight.

Meanwhile, the fact remains that in France the “bat” ears



Harrison and Son.

COQUETTE.

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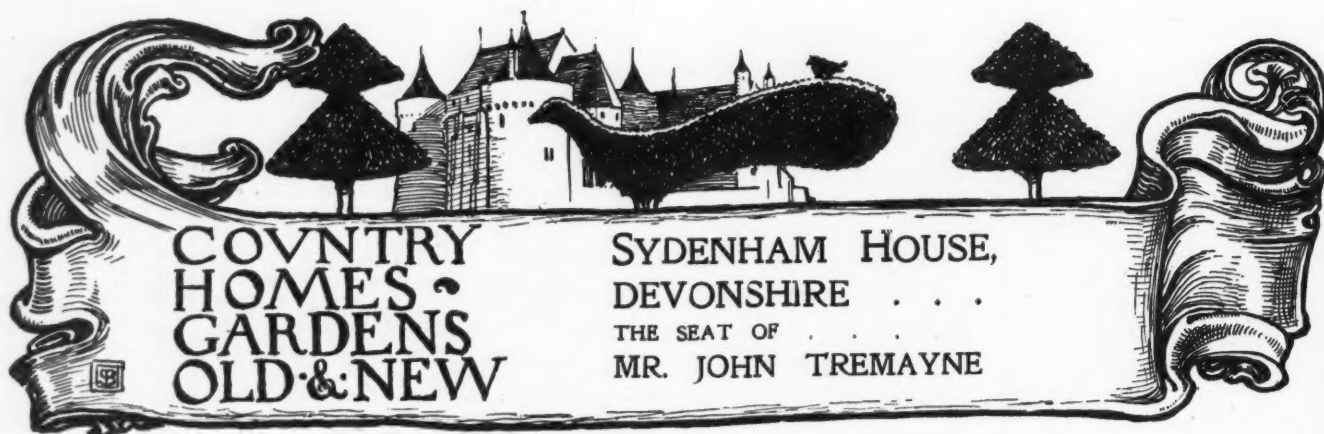
find their way into the possession of some English lady, and will thus not be lost to the dog-lovers of this country, as they would assuredly be if they were acquired by a Parisian admirer of this highly-attractive breed.



Harrison and Son.

NIKKO.

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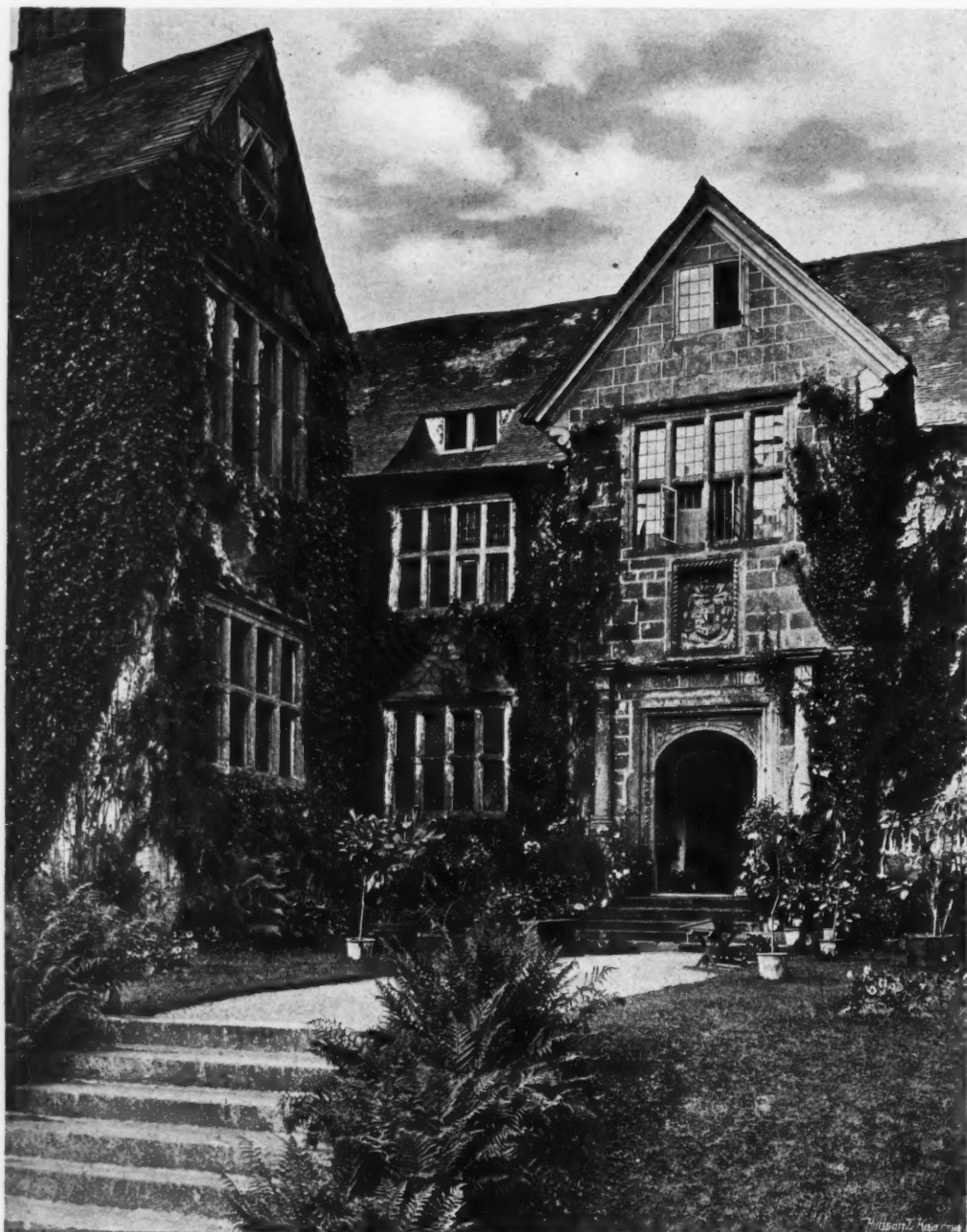


AMONG the many ancient houses of beautiful Devonshire, few can rival in quaint attractiveness and picturesque charm the fine old mansion which we illustrate to-day. Sydenham House stands some eight miles from Tavistock, and within about a mile of Coryton Station, on the solid rock by the banks of the Lyd, and is one of the loveliest parts of North Devon. Those who have followed our illustrations of the country homes of England will recognise it as belonging to a well-known type, with its kindred dwellings many in the land.

Here is the old ground plan, like a letter E, which we have so often discovered—the central block with the porch, and the two advancing wings. The house is mainly of Elizabethan aspect and date, looking out from many mullioned windows over the country, but it bears the evidence of the days when men yet built about a quadrangle, and looked, freely and with safety, only within. The sturdy men of Devon, who went out to conquer a New World, and wrought such sounding deeds in the Old, came from just such places as this. Mark the

richness of effect in the various rectangular, rounded, and lozenge windows, the rare or unique feature of cylindrical mullions of granite, the fine character of the porch; above all, the unusual elaborations of effect arising from the bold gabled structures that turn inward from the advancing wings, and the fine play of light and shade that results. Nothing better could be wished than such a combination, and the house and garden together form a truly attractive domain.

The house was built by Sir Thomas Wise, who was knighted at the coronation of James I., but his structure arose where an older mansion had stood, of which portions are embodied, for his family had obtained Sydenham, described as Sidrahham in the time of the Conqueror, with the hand of the heiress of the Sydenhams in the days of Henry IV. The three chevronels ermine, upon a sable field, of the Wises still remain in their mansion, with portraits hanging in the panelled chambers. Like many other country houses, Sydenham suffered in the Civil War. It was garrisoned for King Charles, and taken by the Parliamentary troops under Colonel Holbourn in January, 1645, and appears to have suffered much. However, when the war was over, it was restored, and it has remained in careful hands ever since. On the death of Sir Thomas Wise in 1675, his daughter and heiress, who had married Edward Tremayne, of Collacombe, in Lamerton parish, carried Sydenham to the family that now possesses it. "Squire Tremayne," as his neighbours call the present owner, is very popular in North Devon, and it is delightful to find how much he and the Hon. Mrs. Tremayne cherish this beautiful mansion. Within



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THE PORCH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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VIEW FROM THE PORCH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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MANY MULLIONED WINDOWS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and without, as our pictures disclose, it is wholly satisfactory. The noble dining-room, with the great fireplace dating from 1656, the many oak wainscoted chambers, and the magnificent staircase, hung with many family portraits, and lighted through those glorious windows, all maintain the beautiful aspect of their earlier day. It is delightful to watch the pigeons fluttering in through the open windows of the dining-room, to partake of food from their master's hand, or to hear them cooing from the chimneys and gables above.

The gardens of Sydenham House are in happy harmony with the mansion, and they owe much to Squire Tremayne. Approaching them from the direction of Coryton, we are impressed with the extraordinary beauty of the country. We pass through fine woodlands, and by emerald meadows and cottages wreathed in foliage and flowers, to find the landscape growing in sylvan beauty, a sombre fir here and there enhancing the effect of the tender greens of beech and oak, with their undergrowth of ferns, hollies, and rhododendrons. At our feet

the river pursues its course, and we cross a bridge to the gardener's cottage, almost hidden among trees and embowered in roses and white jasmine. The garden gate of Sydenham House, reached by an avenue of beautiful trees, is a delightful specimen of seventeenth century ironwork, now unfortunately falling to decay, and a pleasing introduction, indeed, to the beautiful scenes beyond.

The house is covered with climbing plants, of which several have grown to large proportions, especially on the south-west side, where the old walls are veritable gardens of flowers. Climbers of all kinds struggle for supremacy. Here is the fiery thorn (*Crataegus Pyracantha*), in company with the Gloire de Dijon or old cluster roses, whilst *Kerria japonica* makes a cloud of rich orange blossom for many weeks in the year. The door is embosomed in climbers, including noble wistaria, the tender escallonia, and the *Pyrus japonica*, a galaxy, indeed, of



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FEEDING THE PIGEONS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

precious things. The south-east wall is interesting from the fact that it is covered with the spreading branches of two pear trees, trained horizontally, of which one is the "Swan's Egg," a very old English variety.

The garden itself has an old-world aspect and fascinating charm, in keeping with the house and the beautiful scenery surrounding it. There is no attempt to introduce elaborate formal designs, but we have a square, of about an acre and a-half, with a high wall surrounding it. The design is simple, and flowers have their rightful place. A fine border of hardy flowers is near the house, and is beautiful throughout the year, from the time of the blossoming of the Christmas rose until the last starwort has faded. Roses of dwarf growth fill the beds, and are under-planted with fragrant heliotrope, box being used as an edging. Pleasing, too, are the sloping terrace, and the little streamlet, with plants by its side. There is a glorious border also by the fruit tree-covered garden walls. Box again is used as an edging, and flowers of all kinds have been planted—anemones, pæonies, bellflowers, golden rods, starworts, columbines, and large quantities of other perennials.

The principal garden is skirted on the north-east by park-land, through which runs a tributary of the Lyd. Upon the well-kept sloping lawn are fine shrubs, and in the centre is a long rectangular pond, with Pampas and other grasses at the margin, and noble examples of the Royal fern (*Osmunda regalis*),

which have attained large proportions, and show what beautiful effects may be created by this plant when in suitable soil and in full health.

The visitor to Sydenham will notice near the main entrance a pleasure ground nearly three acres in extent, and separated from the house by a public road. This garden is called the Turtle Grove. Formerly it was an orchard, but some years



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THE DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE"



Copyright.

THE WEST SIDE.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

since was laid out by Mr. Tremayne as a pleasure garden, in which many flowers thrive, whilst in the spring a glorious wealth of colour is provided by splendid hardy azaleas and rhododendrons. Here, too, are many interesting trees, especially the cedar of Lebanon, now between 40ft. and 50ft. high, raised from seed gathered by Mr. Tremayne upon Mount Lebanon, and planted in 1847. A number of other interesting trees have been planted, including Scotch fir, scarlet oak, red cedar, and lime. The picturesque and attractive farmyard is near at hand.

It is interesting to know that at another residence of Mr. Tremayne—Heligan, in Cornwall—there is a famous avenue of the strawberry tree (*Benthamia fragifera*). We believe Mr. Tremayne's father was the first to introduce this distinct tree into England, but it is necessary to have a warm climate for its growth. Its large strawberry-like fruits are interesting. Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Tremayne are great gardeners, and their beautiful gardens reveal the care of the loving hand.



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THE STAIRWAY.

"C.L."

A VILLAGE CONCERT.

IT was settled that we should have a concert. For one thing, there were no chairs in the new parish reading-room; for another (and perhaps this was the more stimulating reason), the Parrys had just given a concert at Fosbrook, and it was currently reported that the proceeds had amounted to something like a £5 note. The rector was of opinion that, with my assistance, Ashford could do as well as Fosbrook. I do not sing myself, but I promised my moral support. I should be glad to go on the platform and turn over the leaves for the performers. "We shall have no one but you to play the accompaniments," said the rector, firmly. Of all things I detest most the playing of accompaniments, and I said so for many days. It is well enough in comic songs, or simple ballads, when composers do not go out of their way to write difficult music; but in many modern drawing-room songs one is liable to be confronted with the most astounding variations of time and key, not to mention more personal eccentricities on the part of the singer. I know no employment that leads more certainly to unpopularity. It is impossible for an indifferent player—and I cannot lay claim to more than a moderate proficiency—to satisfy a lady singer. Gentlemen are bad



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SYDENHAM HOUSE: INTERIOR OF THE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

enough, but to play at sight for a girl—the thought sent a shiver up my spine. However, there was no help for it—the rector was obdurate. It seemed that the parish had never been so destitute of capable players. His wife was a confirmed invalid; the village organist had the heavy touch of a hippopotamus (he was a stone-cutter by trade); the school-mistress professed her inability to read more than one note at a time. Against my better judgment I consented, hoping for the best. After all, the date was not yet fixed. Anything might happen. And in the meantime I should at least have the pleasure of practising Fanny's songs.

Fanny Alderton was the rector's youngest daughter. I thought her then the most charming of her sex, and I will own to you that the thought of daily visits to the rectory for the purpose of trying over her repertoire was far from displeasing. It gilded the pill, at any rate (though the phrase has always seemed to me ridiculously inadequate); personally, I would as soon take my medicine without any meretricious adornment. However, Fanny

was undeniably a pretty girl; a brunette, not too large, she had an arch way of singing that was fascinating to a village audience. I knew her stock pretty well, for they were mostly old friends. We did not go in much for novelties at Ashford. "Once a favourite, always a favourite" was the rule with us. Still, I was prepared to practise "The Miller and the Maid," "Twickenham Ferry," or even "Early One Morning," as often as she pleased. There is a sort of freemasonry about trying over songs together that may sometimes lead to better things; it is really surprising how readily one may attain to a footing of intimacy in this manner.

I had not been more than two years in the old manor house at Ashford, but I was already (I hope I may say it without undue conceit) a *persona grata* at the rectory.

It was necessary to be on good terms with them, for there was not much society in the neighbourhood, and what little there was consisted almost entirely of clergymen's families. Accordingly, I had accepted readily enough the post of rector's churchwarden, and was always to the fore when any entertainments were on, or when anyone was required to take the chair at a public meeting. Such things were not altogether to my taste, but then it is impossible to live the life of a solitary, and I had made up my mind now for some time that Miss Fanny Alderton should (if everything went smoothly) be

installed eventually as mistress of the manor house. Really, this concert chimed in very well with my ideas. I had never yet been able to have more than the most ordinary conversation with her, in the intervals of a game of tennis, or during tea at the rectory. It would be my own fault now, I considered, if I failed to make use of my opportunities. By the time the concert was over the matter ought to be settled. I was always of a rather sanguine temperament, and given to building castles in the air. I would be ashamed to say how often I led up, mentally, to the fateful conversation, each time in a different and more alluring fashion. I pictured myself breaking it to her at the piano, in the summer-house, walking in the garden—in fact, in almost every conceivable situation; living alone is apt to breed dreams of this sort. I am well aware that it sounds foolish enough, all this; but I have the merit of not being afraid of seeming silly—and let me tell you it is a very considerable merit indeed. Had I feared public opinion, it is indubitable that I should never have been able to purchase Ashford Manor at the (comparatively) early age of thirty-five. It requires some little originality to get together a comfortable fortune in these days.

A week or so was suffered to elapse before I called at the rectory to hear how things were going on. They had not lost much time. Two neighbouring clergymen had promised to assist; the daughter of a third was prepared to bring one or two songs; and the Aldertons had secured a great draw in the person of young Strangways, a captain in the Bassetshire Regiment, who was reputed a great hand at a comic song. The date of the performance was fixed a fortnight on, and when I arrived they were already drawing out a notice to be affixed to the blacksmith's shop door. We were soon deep in details.

"How good of you to come, Mr. Cardew," the family cried in a breath; "we were just wondering what we should do for instrumental music. At present we have nothing but songs—unless you can come to our assistance."

I dislike intensely trying to play a set piece on any chance piano—they generally borrow one belonging to the school-mistress for these functions, one of those ancient boxes whose keys rattle like castanets. But what could I do? I made a few remonstrances, but they insisted on putting me down to open the concert with a march. They wanted me to do the same for the second part, but that was a little too much.

"Is there no one who can play a violin?" I asked.

"Joseph Sanders," suggested Mrs. Alderton, doubtfully. Joseph Sanders was the carpenter, an universal genius. I had heard his performances on the violin before, and they were not such as I would willingly hear again. I intimated that I had great respect for the man's industry, but I distrusted the correctness of his ear. Fanny smiled brightly, to show her agreement with my opinions. I have long noticed that nothing induces reader sympathy than to join in depreciating a common acquaintance. It is something of a stain on human nature that this should be the case; but try it yourselves.

"Young Harrison has a trombone, I believe," said Mildred, the second daughter, a tall, rather plain girl, whose mission in life was to train the choir, and keep in the background.

I said I was afraid a trombone would be useless as a serious instrument; perhaps, in competent hands, it might prove a success from the comic point of view. Of course, at that they all fell upon me to borrow Harrison's trombone and play the fool with it. I might have foreseen this would happen. I protested that I was ready to do anything in my power to ensure the success of the concert, but really—

"Oh! we must hear Mr. Cardew on the trombone," said Fanny, laughing; "it would be too funny for anything."

"My dear," said Mrs. Alderton, in reproof. I bowed with mock humility, and Fanny blushed. I thought it a very good sign.

"If you really wish it," I said to her, pursuing my advantage, "of course I will sink all personal considerations and try it—for your sake," I added the last words in a low tone, because it seemed to afford an opening for further proceedings, but I do not think she heard me. At all events, she made no reply.

I stayed for dinner that night, and practised over most of Fanny's songs. She seemed nervous at first, poor child, but she was most complimentary about my playing. Indeed, it is a fact that I am rather good at accompaniments. Most players treat them as they would any other piece of music, with the result that they drown the voice; a few play them so low as to sound dull and ineffective. I always try to bring out the beauties of the music, while aiding and not overpowering the voice. Most people try this, you may say, but I think you will find that uncommonly few succeed.

During the next two weeks I was up at the rectory a good deal. Taken all round, it was a very pleasant fortnight. Fanny's shyness soon wore off, if it had really existed. We spent a great deal of time looking over songs together, and discussing things in general, much more than we wasted in actual practising. I should certainly have spoken to her before the concert had it not been that I had pictured my proposal

coming afterwards; and I often feel a strange reluctance to disturb any imaginary arrangement of this sort. In my own mind I had now settled to speak in the evening after supper when we had all got back to the rectory, happy in the consciousness of a successful evening. It seemed to me that no time could be more propitious than that. And yet sometimes I wavered, for it is difficult to keep a cool head when you have been practising songs—many of them of a decidedly amatory cast—for the greater part of an afternoon. Once or twice, when we got to reading the words out loud, it made it remarkably hard for me. Fanny would keep on trying to make out that they were arrant nonsense, and of course I was bound to stand up in their defence. Over one song, more fatuous than the rest, I was uncommonly near coming to the point. The providential arrival of the servant with afternoon tea saved me from a premature declaration, but it was a close shave.

At length the day came; it was a Friday, and the concert was timed to begin at half-past seven in the evening. The village school-room was always our concert-hall. Fitted up with a platform at one end, and hung with flags, it presented quite an imposing appearance. A door at the back of the platform led (most conveniently for the performers) into a second small room, where we used to keep hats and cloaks and music, with some light refreshment. It afforded also a pleasant retreat for the nervous performer when the applause of the audience did not quite come up to expectation. The concert-room itself was not large; with judicious management it could be made to hold about 130, and so prices were reasonably low. It was in general pretty well filled; Ashford had the reputation of being a musical village.

I had not been to the rectory for two or three days, chiefly because I heard that Strangways was staying there. Frankly, I did not care much for Strangways; these comic men with banjos (and he was bringing a banjo with him) are seldom much to my taste. There is a certain sort of military man who annoys me excessively. I mean no disrespect to the Army, but I have always held that the few unpleasant men who belong to that noble profession are more than ordinarily unpleasant. When I had met Strangways before, he had studiously ignored me. On the other hand, he had always been, in my opinion, quite unnecessarily forward with his attentions to ladies who happened to be present. It is a way that many of these young cubs have. I don't know whether they imagine that it increases their popularity.

It was just a quarter-past seven when I arrived at the school, and the rest of the party came in almost at the same moment. One of our two clerical friends had failed us at the last moment, so there were only five of us to carry out the programme. Two hours was the recognised length of an Ashford concert; if it was shorter, even by a few minutes, the people would go away thinking they had not had good value for their money. It almost always occurred that we had to put in several extra songs at the last moment in order to fill up time, and it was very evident that this occasion would prove no exception to the general rule.

Like a chairman at an old-fashioned music hall, the rector introduced each item on the programme with a few well-chosen words, generally of a humorous tendency. At all events, the people understood that they were humorously meant, and in Ashford they are content (in default of real jokes) with good intentions. A good many of his parishioners, I believe, regarded his little introductions as the most amusing part of the entertainment. They roared lustily when he explained that Mr. Cardew had kindly consented to play a little thing of his own, which he had composed that afternoon, and had christened "The Churchwarden's March." I sat down and rattled off the overture to "Zampa" on the piano, and a wretched instrument it was, too. For a village concert it is essential to choose something that makes a good noise; they mistake it for brilliant execution.

For the greater part of the evening it was my lot to sit at that jingling piano. I accompanied everyone except Strangways, who insisted on Fanny playing for him, ostensibly to give me a rest, but really, I suppose, because he thought it a delicate attention to her. The man had no more voice than a crow, but comic songs always go down with a village audience, and with the aid of his banjo he roused them to the wildest enthusiasm. He sang three songs in succession, and I have no doubt would have sung more if I had not hinted that the rest might come later.

"Want to be back at the piano again, eh?" was his reply; it shows you pretty well the class of man he was.

I played for Fanny, and then for old Edgar, the clergyman, who sang some nautical songs, and then for Miss Merriman, the other lady singer, who rather took the fancy of the audience and was encored. She was a nice girl enough; I had met her a good deal the summer before at tennis-parties and so forth, and I confess I had once had thoughts of trying my luck with her before Fanny and I became so thick. Then Strangways essayed a sentimental song, which fell very flat indeed after his other

efforts. However, he insisted on taking a very faint encore. Fanny played for him again, and very badly too, though I heard him complimenting her most effusively, and offensively, afterwards.

It was just after this that the rector came up to ask my advice. The poor old chap was getting quite anxious, for we had run through almost the whole of the programme already, and there was a good hour yet to be filled up somehow.

"Can you do anything just to fill up a few minutes?" he asked. "What was that thing you suggested the other day about a trombone? I hear that Harrison has brought it up. Do you really play the trombone?"

I explained that I had never handled one in my life, but I would try if he wished. It was evident that he had a touching faith in my capabilities, for without further explanation he announced to the audience that Mr. Cardew would perform a fantasia (as he was pleased to call it) on the trombone. The roar of applause that followed was no doubt very gratifying, but for the moment I was rather at a loss. However, I am fortunate in possessing a certain amount of readiness in invention. I got Miss Merriman, who could play a little, to go and rattle out something on the piano while the instrument was being brought in. Then I pretended to play it in dumb-show, every now and then letting out an ear-piercing blast. I assure you it was the hit of the evening. I went on for a good ten minutes, and several of the audience fairly rolled off their seats with laughter when the thing came in halves in my hands. Even Strangways was obliged to laugh, though he did his best to look solemn. They tried to bring me on again, but I said aloud that I thought we had had enough of the comic element, which was rather a nasty dig for Strangways.

I believe that he was responsible for the one *contretemps* of the evening, which occurred just towards the end. If my suspicions are correct, I think you will agree with me that it was a poor sort of thing to do. These were the facts: Fanny was singing her last song, which happened to be one we had not tried over together; it was, in fact, an extra, put in to fill up the time. Strangways, with his usual officiousness, had got out her music, and placed it for me on the piano before handing her up to the platform. It was a rather awkward accompaniment, with a change of key in the middle; so you may suppose I was rather put out when I turned over the first page and found that the inside leaf was missing. I cannot doubt now, on thinking over the circumstances, that Strangways had intentionally removed it. He was good enough to express surprise afterwards at a man of my talents being unable to make up an accompaniment as I went along. I am a tolerably good musician, but this was more than I could manage, and I was compelled to stop in the middle of a bar. Fanny sang on bravely for a few moments, faltered, looked round, and stopped too. Then, instead of finding the missing sheet and beginning again, she suddenly burst into tears, and left the platform hurriedly. I have seldom been more surprised in my life. It was the last item on the programme, so I did the best thing that occurred to me. Instead of going after her and remonstrating, I struck up "God Save the Queen."

Nothing more annoying could well have happened to me. I confess that I was extremely angry at the time, both with Strangways and with her. A girl ought to have more self-control than to break down like that for no apparent reason. And, of course, it was hopeless to think now of any pleasant *tête-à-tête* with her that night. I walked back to the rectory with old Alderton, in a very discontented frame of mind. I had fancied myself in love, but on sober reflection this episode seemed to have altered my opinions strangely. I was no longer sure that I should care to pay any further addresses to her. Her conduct had injured my pride. I apologised to Alderton, of course, as in duty bound.

"I am sorry your daughter took it so much to heart," I said in conclusion. "It was unfortunate, after everything had gone off so well."

He seemed to hesitate a little.

"Fanny has been rather upset to-day," he said at last. "The fact is, between ourselves, my dear Cardew, Captain Strangways—ahem—proposed to her this morning, and they are now—er—engaged—with—er—my full consent." He cleared his throat. "I have no doubt," he continued, "that the events of the morning have been rather too much for her."

For a moment I was fairly staggered; and yet, strangely enough, I assure you I felt merely a slight twinge of anger—certainly no sorrow. I felt now a sudden exhilarating sense of freedom. The scales, so to speak, fell from my eyes, and I knew that I had been labouring under a delusion. It was curious that I should have been so deceived. I could have sworn that I had loved her, and now I was relieved at recognising that it had been only a temporary infatuation. We should never have been happy together; I saw that clearly.

"Indeed!" I said, after a slight pause, "I must congratulate her."

And I did, as soon as we got indoors. The rest of the

evening I was in the highest spirits, while the engaged couple looked anything but happy. Miss Merriman is really a nicer girl than I had imagined, and we got on remarkably well together at supper. I should not be altogether surprised if she and I—but there, it is early to talk of such things yet. But, in a sense, I am just a little grateful to Strangways when I think of that evening. I am sorry for Fanny, too, though she will perhaps get as good a husband as she deserves. I am not really a vindictive man.

E. H. LACON WATSON.



THE SCILLAS.

SCARCELY has the Snowdrop flown before the blue colouring of the early Scilla is seen in the garden. A precious colour is this, as blue as the spring sky, and continued by the several kinds until the early summer, when the Spanish Bluebell of South Europe is in flower. The Scillas form a family of much beauty. One never tires of the blue colouring, darker and softer in some than in others, but always pleasant. Even when one is tempted to plant the bulbs everywhere, unlike the blue Lobelia; the colour is with us for a short season only. The way to get the full fresh beauty of the bulbs is not by merely edging some border or bed with them, but to plant them freely in the grass, by shrubby corners, or near deciduous trees. One obtains a similar effect, then, to the misty cloud of blue that comes from the Bluebell in the woodland. The earliest Scilla is *S. bifolia*; it comes almost before the Snowdrop has gone, and its deep blue flowers are as fresh and welcome as any spring bloom. Of its many forms the white is pretty, but the writer thinks much of *taurica*. It is freer, and the flowers are larger and deeper in colour. When planted in a warm spot it will bloom quite as early as the type, and a week before the variety *præcox*. All the forms of *S. bifolia* are interesting, the flowers varying from blue to white in colour, as indicated by the varietal names, *carnea*, *rosea*, and *alba*. The best known, perhaps, of all the early Scillas is *S. sibirica*, which one should plant freely, as then the sun lights up the brilliant



F. Mason Good.

CAMELLIA FLOWERS IN A VASE.

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blue colouring. This is also as reasonable in price as any, a point of some importance when the bulbs are desired in large quantities. Of the other Scillas, the

ENGLISH AND SPANISH BLUEBELLS.

or Wood Hyacinths, are of much value. They are known respectively as *Scilla nutans* and *S. hispanica* or *campanulata*. Both grow freely in the shade, and both possess varieties of many colours. Of our beautiful Wood Hyacinth there are white, rose, and other forms, the white Wood Hyacinth being a flower as pure as snow, and delightful for mixing with the type, whilst of *S. hispanica* we think the white and rose varieties as interesting as the blue, possessing also as

much vigour in every way; even in dense shade, where one would think hardly a flower could survive, these Scillas increase rapidly, the Spanish forms especially so; at least, that is our experience. We have planted groups on the fringe of the branch spread, even amongst Ivy in the shade, and with the same happy results—abundant flowers for some weeks.

CAMELLIAS AS CUT FLOWERS.

The Camellia is not an ideal flower for cutting. It is too heavy, so to say, but our illustration shows that when artistically arranged charming effects may be obtained. There must be no crowding in the vase, and the colours selected should be as far as possible pure selfs—crimson, red, pink, white, and so forth—not mixtures, too often harsh and unpleasant. Of late years many beautiful varieties have been raised—double, semi-double, and single—but the old favourites, the double white alba plena, for example, are still the most worthy of culture in the greenhouse, or where the climate is suitable, as in the South of England, in the open.

THE DOUBLE-FLOWERED GEAN.

The most beautiful of all trees flowering in spring is this, *Prunus Avium* fl.-pl., which in the early days of May is like a snow-cloud, every branch and twig being laden with blossom of purest white. It is an old and to many familiar tree, a variety of the wild British Cherry, from whence have come the orchard fruits, the May Dukes, Orleans, and others. As the Cherry is a native of our land, the tree succeeds wonderfully well, as one would expect, rarely failing each year to reveal the beautiful clusters of purest white. The writer thinks this double-flowered Cherry is the most beautiful of all flowering trees, succeeding as well in London as in the country. A large tree is in Battersea Park, and each May-time it is a remarkable picture, enveloped in the double white rosettes, which hide every twig beneath their snowy covering.

PYRUS FLORIBUNDA.

Of the many forms of *Pyrus*, none is more graceful and beautiful than this, and, happily, one sees it now more frequently in English gardens. It grows about 8ft. in height, and the best way to plant it is in a group upon the lawn, not too close together, otherwise the graceful branches will be interfered with by those of the neighbouring shrubs. Its branches are long and graceful, wands of blossom, deep crimson in the bud, but pale rose when fully expanded. When some flowers are half open, and the remainder quite expanded, the shrub presents its most charming aspect, the one shade contrasting with the other. The richest of all forms is that named *atrosanguinea*, in which the flowers are of deeper shade than those of the type. If one flowering shrub only could be admitted to the garden, we should favour this *Pyrus*. It seldom fails to bloom abundantly, is perfectly hardy, and graceful in growth.

FILLING UP GAPS IN ROSE-BEDS.

At this time one knows whether the winter has been kind to the Rose, or the reverse. Unfortunately, from what one hears and sees, the recent severely cold weather has inflicted considerable injury upon the plants, the delicate tea-scented kinds in particular, especially amongst those put in last autumn. Where pruning has not yet been finished, let it be done at once, removing weakly centre shoots to keep the bushes as open as possible. Hoe the soil well and often, otherwise the surface will become hard and crusted, and climbers upon walls will benefit if given liberal doses of liquid manure. Keep a sharp look-out for insects, and, if any are seen, syringing with clear water will be beneficial.

BERBERIS DARWINI AS A HEDGE.

This beautiful shrub is seldom used as a hedge, but this is a feature in a Hampshire garden, where it forms a dividing line between the garden and park. It is sufficiently strong to resist cattle, and in spring, when the golden-coloured flowers are in full beauty, this shrub-belt is a glorious picture, seen

from many parts of the grounds. Where the soil is well drained, and the situation not too bleak, the *Berberis* may be tried for this purpose. It is a change from the usual set of shrubs planted as hedges—privet, quick, and so forth. The *Berberis* must not be recklessly cut in, otherwise the flower display will go also. Judicious removal of unduly long growths after flowering will ensure the necessary trimness.

THE FRITILLARIES.

Amongst the flowers of spring the Fritillaries are of importance, and no kind is daintier than the Snake's-head of English meadows (*F. Meleagris*). Many of the kinds are suitable for the rock garden only, or in some specially-selected spot, where they can have more attention than the robust kinds. We may mention such as the charming *Aurea*, a very early dwarf species, with its pale yellow-brown chequered flowers. *F. pudica* is another gem, so too the brilliant red *F. recurva*, the brightest and most distinct of the entire family. Unfortunately, this is not very strong, but must have a warm border, where the soil is light and thoroughly drained. It is worth, however, all this care for the sake of its bright flowers. *F. armena*, *F. delphinensis* *Mogridgei*, *F. latifolia*, *F. pallidiflora*, and *F. pudica* should all have a place in the choice border or upon the rock garden. There are, however, two species which we should plant more freely than any others, namely, the familiar Crown Imperial (*F. imperialis*) and the Snake's-head. The Crown Imperial is the stateliest bulb of the spring, sending up its strong flower-crowned stems when their effectiveness is desirable in the garden. We like to see the bulbs mixed with American shrubs or grouped by the shrubbery—anywhere, indeed, they are likely to succeed. The browns, dull reds, and orange shades are effective, but the boldest of all is *lutea*, which has pure yellow flowers, and, freely grouped, makes an imposing display. It is always well to take a few good self-coloured flowers and use them in a bold way. Different to the Crown Imperial is the pretty Snake's-head (*F. Meleagris*) and its varieties, alba and others. We always keep this away from the border, planting the bulbs in a bed upon the lawn, as then the character of the plant is not lost. It is pleasing to see the flowers nodding amongst the grassy leaves, flowers beautifully chequered with colour, and the white ones are quite self. A bed of this is worth planting, or it may be mixed with the chequered forms. Of course, all the varieties of Snake's-head may be naturalised in the grass, as under these conditions the plants grow naturally in the English meadow-lands.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We are always pleased to assist our readers in matters concerning the garden, and to receive notes and photographs of interest for our "Correspondence" columns.

GARDENS OLD & NEW.

WE often hear from readers of COUNTRY LIFE that the illustrations in our series "Gardens Old and New" are quite a revelation of unknown beauties to them; and while the Editor has a long list of such gardens which he has permission to photograph, he would appreciate suggestions for any others of which his correspondents have personal knowledge. It would be of assistance in making a selection if, in sending lists, rough photographs of the gardens from various points of view could be sent. Also the Editor particularly wishes to say that lavish expenditure is by no means necessary in the creation of gardens of the kind he loves to illustrate.



ALBANIA.

IT is almost superfluous to say that in the Sultan's dominions shooting is absolutely free. On the other hand, however, it must be recollected that it is not open to natives of other countries to go everywhere in Turkey in order to exercise this and similar privileges. In the case of Albania, a firman has to be obtained through the Turkish Consul at Corfu, one of the conditions of which is that the sportsmen must be accompanied by a zaptieh, or gendarme, to whom they pay 1s. 8d. a day. The licence to land firearms, which must also be obtained, costs 1fr. European nations, and, unfortunately, especially the English, have treated our old ally the Sultan with such shocking want of consideration in recent years, that it is by no means certain now that these documents will be immediately forthcoming at any time. One can quite understand this. If we want anybody to welcome us to his excellent preserves, we do not generally begin by

calling him "The Great Assassin," and other similarly polite names. Therefore I advise anybody going out to Albania to write some time previously to Mr. C. E. Hancock, of Messrs. Barff and Co., Corfu, to get the necessary documents for them. They will, in any case, have to apply to him for a yacht, so one letter covers both matters. But to this latter point I will return presently.

The game of Albania consists of red deer, chamois, roe, bear, boar, wolf, jackal, fox, Greek partridge, woodcock, waterfowl, and hares. The first has, however, not to my knowledge been shot by any Englishmen, and at the time they visit Albania the bears are hibernating. To get chamois, again, one has to go a long way inland. A wolf is always a chance, and few care to shoot jackals, and foxes. So an ordinary Albanian bag is made up of boar, roe, woodcock, and duck. All these, too, can be conveniently got without sleeping away from one's yacht.

Albanian shooting is exceptional in one way, viz., that one can cipher out beforehand almost to a penny the expenses of a trip. It is also one of the few places where it is an advantage to go in rather a large party, four guns being the number I should recommend. The sport is of such a nature that the increase of numbers gives an additional chance of making a bag, and it of course very materially reduces the individual expense. Messrs. Barff have a number of yachts—four, if I remember rightly—and one suitable to four bachelors costs about £40 a month. Provisions for the same time come to £15, and the head-beater with his dogs costs as much more. Supposing the party to do ten days' shooting with eight beaters, devoting the rest of the time to small game, for which one man each is ample, and deducting Sundays and other off days at Corfu, the Albanians with the zaptieh will get about £10, and this makes exactly £80 to divide. The journey out and back costs:

	£	s.	d.
Rundreise ticket to Trieste and back, 2nd Class (1st on boats) . .	10	16	0
Austrian Lloyd steamer, Trieste to Corfu and back, 1st Class . .	5	13	0
Carriage of guns, etc., from England to Corfu by Cunard, steamer, food on rail, c. bs, boats, and sundries, say . .	3	11	0
Total . .	20	0	0

which, with one-fourth share of general expenses, makes the cost of one month's shooting in Albania come to exactly £40 each for a party of four. I have calculated for the mere sport, but should one go into such expenses as hotels or sight-seeing at Corfu or *en route*, etc., it will be better to say £50.

This cannot be called dear, and it is money well laid out.



Borri and Figlio.

SPORTING YACHT AT CORFU.

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One gets a thorough change, sees an interesting country, and travels almost altogether away from the commonest tourist routes. This without considering the question of sport at all. Above all, it is essentially a "short shooting trip." You leave Liverpool Street on Saturday night, and you dine on board your yacht on her way from Corfu to Albania on the Thursday following. If you are desperately keen, you can shoot thirty days out of an absence of forty from England. But to return to the question of sport. The head-beater, whom you pay no less than 10s. a day, ought to know exactly where to take you; and, as a matter of fact, if one leaves this matter with all others to Mr. Hancock, the man engaged will do so. Ten shillings a day seems a great deal, but the man has to keep himself and his dogs idle all the summer, and, indeed, is not sure of work in the winter. Lorenzo Pappola, for one, is cheap at the money, and may be relied on to do his best to show sport.

Woodcock in Albania are not shot with beaters, but walked up with dogs. There is reason in this, because much of the ground is not suited to our English method of shooting cock; and, also, as there are generally only a few guns, many would get away unshot at. There are one or two places, however, where, when driving for pig, cock have kept on coming over my head in a very tempting way, but they are exceptional, and would not justify a departure from local methods. As for wild-fowl, there are heaps of them on all the sheets of water about. Butrinto and Levitatzia are two noted marshes, and some good sport can be had there flighting; but it must be distinctly understood that I do not recommend any special place. It is far better to let your beater decide which anchorage you should make for—Santa Quaranta, Tre Scoglie, Paganica, or whatever

it may be, and where he will take you thence. He knows the local conditions of weather, and the habits of the game at that particular season, and it would be absurd of me to advise one who may be going in October or in March, as the conditions are totally different.

As for the local methods of driving the bigger game, roe-deer and pig, I do not like them, and have before said so in print. I have seen a good deal of game-driving in many parts of the world, but I have never known any good come of a mixture of dogs and men unless, indeed, the dogs were under such perfect control as never to go more than a few yards from the men. What generally happens, in Albania and elsewhere, is that the dogs get on a scent—deer, pig, fox, or what not, and go off at score. The beast chased beats the covert (as we say in stag-hunting), and disturbs everything else in it, and probably, being pressed by the dogs, breaks right back through the beaters. Meanwhile, the other game which has been disturbed is on the alert, soon understands what is going on, and gets ready in its turn to do the same. Alternatively, the dogs get well on in the covert, and lose the scent. Meanwhile, other game has been sent on in the right direction by the beaters. In its flight it meets the before-mentioned dogs, turns short back, and breaks out at the side or back through the beaters.

Another point which strikes one in Albanian game-driving is the abominable noise made by the beaters. Yet it is a canon with all sportsmen that the less noise made in drives the better. A tap, a whistle, a word, or a cough, will send all game on quick enough, and the nearer the beater approaches to it the more headlong and unregarding will be its flight towards the guns. Noise should only be allowed when the game is of

such a nature that a sudden meeting between it and a beater might result in accident, e.g., tiger.

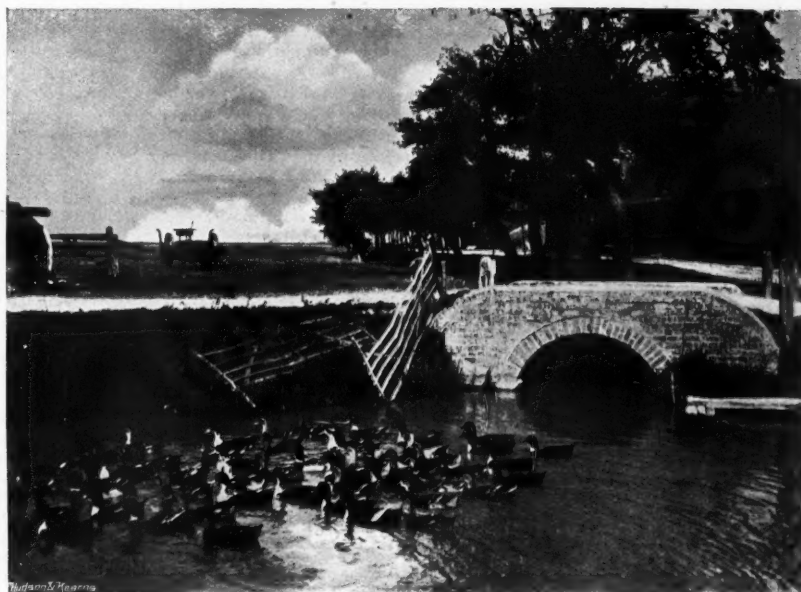
As regards battery, for Albania the ideal weapon is the ball-and-shot gun. It will hardly be worth anybody's while to take out a rifle on the chance of an occasional long shot. But if a rifle is used it should have a good heavy bullet, for an old boar takes stopping, and in the thick Albanian coverts many wounded ones are lost. For this reason, also, I hope no sportsman going to Albania will resort to the unsportsmanlike practice of "plastering" roe-deer with shot. It is much more satisfactory to see the beast go away unhurt than to see it doing so and know it carries at least part of your charge.

As to dress, for driving days it should not be too light. Waterproofed cloth, with leather leggings, and a warm cape, is what I should use myself. For woodcock shooting, when you mean energetic personal exertions among the wait-a-bit thorns, canvas is the thing. But, above all, prepare for rain. A waterproof cape and thigh leggings of tough material, and indeed, a hat to match, are good friends in Corfu and Albania; and whilst you are at the waterproofer's don't forget a rubber pad to sit on. (N.B.—Tie it to your belt, or you will be sure to forget it the first time you get up.) Don't waste money on beaters on wet days, for sport is sure to be poor. Better wait for a break, and till then take a turn after the cock. Alas! there are many wet days, but after all there is no sport without drawbacks, and certainly nowhere can sport in a wild country be enjoyed so luxuriously as in Albania. SNAFFLE.

ENGLAND v AUSTRALIA! ... "DUCKS" FOR BOTH.

AUSTRALIAN ducks are now threatening the English poultry raisers. Not content with challenging us at cricket, beating us hollow with their "all-wool" sheep, of which we have shown specimens in these pages, and buying up our best Jersey cows to "teach the Australian ones how to give milk," as an indignant lady owner of a herd recently remarked, the Australians are actually aiming a blow, not only at the Aylesbury Dairy Company, but threatening the supremacy of the Aylesbury duck. The Antipodean duck farm is managed on the best and latest principles, and as land is cheap and food

plentiful, and the climate equable and dry; which, oddly enough, is just what these birds like when young, they hope to make a flourishing trade of supplying us with the genuine article from Sydney just as green peas come into season in Surrey. We are, however, quite calm, and hope the Aylesbury duck raisers will take heart. In the first place we have made a fine art of raising early ducklings just in time to sell at 6s. to 7s. 6d. each on or about Derby day. They are supremely good, and almost melt if you look at them. This perfection costs a great deal of trouble and money to obtain. The ducks are fed on meal mixed with good fresh milk, with the cream in it, and nothing but the astonishing cheapness of good milk in England, and its abundance near the duck farms, would make it possible to turn out ducklings at the price. Now the Australians will have to wait a long time before their new cows have taught the Australian ones to give milk in such quantities that there will be much to spare for ducks, though we must own that there are many big Australian dairies exporting butter here, where the cows do not want teaching at all. Moreover, there are plenty of hawks and eagles, and snakes and snappers of all sorts, in and around Australian water-holes, which will want a big percentage of duckling, and diminish profits. With which shockingly selfish reflection we draw attention to THE ENGLISH TEAM of ducks, swimming on the waters of that earliest cradle of the English race in these islands, the Isle of Thanet, in Kent. They may



J. Palmer.

THE ENGLISH TEAM.

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even be descendants of some that Hengist and Horsa brought over for winter eating when they first encamped in Thanet.



NOTES

FOR THE

TABLE.

SOME DISHES SUITABLE FOR COLD SUPPER.

IN many country houses a cold supper on Sunday is quite an institution, and though the averagely good cook can arrange plenty of more or less substantial cold dishes, I think a few suggestions for suitable additions to the more conventional fare may be acceptable.

A SAVOURY GALANTINE.

Pass one pound of lean veal, half a pound of sausage-meat, and half a pound of cooked ham, or lean bacon, through a mincing machine, then pound the meats together; season them well with celery salt, cayenne, and black pepper, and add a pinch of finely-powdered herbs and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Spread a boned loin of veal, weighing between five and six pounds, out on a board, trim it neatly, remove the fat, and cover it evenly with a layer of the forcemeat—made according to the directions given above—about an inch thick; on this place some strips of cooked tongue, and a liberal allowance of chopped truffles, champignons, and blanched pistachio nuts; then cover with more of the forcemeat, and another layer of the tongue, truffles, etc., and finish with the forcemeat. Roll up the meat, stitch it together, and wrap it tightly in a buttered cloth; secure it with tapes at each end, and sew the cloth in the middle, taking care to keep the meat in an oblong shape. Place it in a large stewpan, and cover it with stock made from the bones; as soon as the latter boils add some soup vegetables, and draw the pan to the side of the stove and let the meat simmer gently for four hours. At the end of this time remove the pan from the stove, but leave the galantine in it until the stock is cold; then tighten the cloth, and press the meat between baking sheets with a heavy weight on the top, and let it stand until the following day. After taking off the cloth, remove any fat which may have adhered to the galantine, wipe it well, coat it thickly with yellow chaudroid, and serve garnished with red and yellow aspic cut into diamond-shaped pieces, and surrounded with chopped jelly. For the chaudroid, colour a quarter of a pint of thick velouté sauce with a little yellow colouring, then add a quarter of a pint of whipped cream, and half a pint of strong aspic which is cool without being set.

TIMBALE OF CURRY.

Line a buttered timbale mould with some well-cooked Patna rice which is still warm, then put it aside until the rice is cold. Make a dry curry with minced chicken, and when it is cool stir in sufficient liquid tomato aspic (made rather stiffer than for ordinary aspic) to make it set; directly the curry is quite cold (but not firm), place it in the rice-lined mould. Make a cavity in the middle of the curry with a spoon, and fill it up with French stoneless cherries; smooth the curry over, cover it with rice, and put it into a cold larder for several

hours. When required, turn out the timbale, scatter a little chopped parsley over the sides, garnish the top with cooked cucumber cut into fancy shapes, and surround it with small salad.

LAMB CUTLETS A LA MARLBOROUGH.

Braise some neatly-trimmed cutlets very gently with plenty of vegetables for three-quarters of an hour, then press them between two dishes, and, when they are cold, wipe them with a clean cloth, and mask them with pounded tongue prepared thus: Mix a gill of stiffly-whipped cream, which has been seasoned with celery salt and cayenne, with half the quantity of cool aspic jelly; colour the mixture a pale pink with carmine, and stir into it sufficient cooked tongue (about five ounces), which has been pounded and passed through a sieve, to form a fairly stiff paste; whip altogether for a few moments. Then cover the cutlets evenly and smoothly with the mixture. Cut some little crescent shapes from some slices of hard-boiled white of egg, decorate the cutlets with these, and place a small cooked green pea in the middle of each crescent; when the garnish is set, glaze the cutlets with clear red aspic. Serve them with green peas, lightly dressed with mayonnaise, in the middle of the dish.

MOULDED EGGS IN ASPIC.

Line some little egg moulds with clear pale aspic, and, when it has set, decorate them with alternate strips of finely-cut white of eggs and cooked cucumber, setting the garnish with a little cool aspic, and, as soon as the strips adhere firmly to the jelly, put a little egg, made as follows, into each mould, fill up with jelly, and place on ice until it is set. Pass some pâté de foie gras through a sieve, and mix it with half the quantity of egg paste, which should be made by pounding the yolks of some hard-boiled eggs with a little fresh butter; season the mixture with salt and pepper, add a few drops of sherry, and place it on ice until it is firm. Then mould it into the form of small eggs—using wetted butter spoons for the purpose—which should be as nearly as possible the size of a shelled plover's egg. Have ready some small rounds of red aspic, and hollow them out in the middle so as to form a cup for the eggs. Turn out the eggs from the moulds, stand them in the middle of the rounds of jelly, and serve on a bed of finely-shred lettuce, with macedoine vegetables, which have been lightly dressed with oil and vinegar, in the middle of the dish.

MAYONNAISE OF PRAWNS.

Make some thick mayonnaise sauce, season it with a dust of curry powder, and add a small quantity of minced gherkin and red chilli, and a little finely-chopped tarragon and chervil, then cover some shelled prawns with the sauce. Take some puff paste pattie cases which have been allowed to get cold, line them with small sprays of water-cress, and fill them with

the prepared prawns; garnish the top of each with a little chopped golden aspic jelly, and dish them up on a lace-edged paper doyley.

PRINCESS CREAM.

Make half a pint of milk hot, sweeten it with two ounces of sugar, add one ounce of gelatine which has been soaked in a little cream, and stir until the gelatine has melted, then put it aside until cool. Whip half a pint of double cream, sweeten it, flavour it with curaçoa, mix it with the milk, and whisk until the mixture is light and spongy and inclined to set, then pour at once into a wetted border mould. When the cream is firm, turn it out, and cover it with finely-cut shreds of pistachio nut; fill the middle with a compote of gooseberries, and cover them with whipped cream which has been slightly sweetened and flavoured with orange-flower water.

BAKEWELL PUDDING.

Beat the yolks of four eggs until they form a thick froth, then stir in by degrees two ounces of finely-sifted sugar, the strained juice and grated rind of a lemon, three ounces of fresh butter which has been beaten to a cream and then melted until quite soft without being oily, the white of one egg whisked to a stiff froth, and four ounces of chopped glacé fruits (apricots, pineapple, and cherries). Mix all the ingredients well together, and pour into a pie-dish lined with a good light paste, with a layer of apricot jam at the bottom, and bake the pudding in a quick oven for about half-an-hour. When it is cold remove it carefully from the dish, cover the top with stiffly-whipped cream, and scatter some chopped almonds, which have been blanched and baked until brown, over the top.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.

THE MAUSER CONTROVERSY.

THE recent discussion upon the relative merits of the Service revolver and the Mauser self-loading pistol has fixed attention upon important matters connected with the effective equipment of the British officer.

One is, that the present Service revolver can no longer be considered fully equal to an officer's needs, the other that great as are the advantages of the automatic pistol in accuracy, trajectory, and rapidity of fire, there are occasions, especially at short ranges, where its high penetrating bullet hitting a soft spot by chance may fail to check the onrush of an opponent. In such a case it would doubtless be inferior to the Service .455 bullet, and it is not evidence of weakness to concede to the opponents of the self-loading pistol this point. It is their last refuge, every other position taken up by the Mauser's opponents in the mimic warfare of literary combatants having been pricked off by the impartial umpire as abandoned. There can be no question of the effect of the Mauser bullet at close quarters if it struck a bone or entered the skull. The high degree of accuracy of the self-loading pistol, indeed, renders it practically easy for a shooter to select, with that deadly certainty attributed to the duellist of romance, the exact spot upon his opponent's body through which vitality is to escape.

Now we may enquire what is the natural strength of the position to which the opponents of the Mauser pistol have been driven, viz., in the chance of a shot at close quarters striking a fleshy part, and therefore of having no more effect than the prod of a bodkin. It seems so weak a stronghold that at the first attack it must throw down its arms and abandon itself to a well-merited extinction. Verily, as it is, it hardly suffices to cover the nakedness of their arguments. Deprived of this shelter, all hostile or depreciatory criticism of the weapon for short-range work either retreats or perishes. In a word, it may be said that such criticism has never been advanced with any serious degree of justification. Some critics have questioned, hardly with taste or credit to their intelligence, the experiments put forward by the sponsors of the Mauser pistol, notably the killing of a horse with one of these weapons in one shot. Its chief opponent does not, however, deny their accuracy, but imagines that he minimises the value of a test by explaining its cause, for he says that the bullet would find so much room in a horse, dancing about from one rib or bone to another, and so traversing a good portion of the horse's body. This dance which he ascribes to the bullet seems to be inspired by the music of prejudice. But, again, he says that the bullet has no time nor space for such levity inside a man, thereby omitting consideration of the effect produced by a man's tunic and accoutrements, and by a man's weaker tenacity of life, as compared with that of a horse. It will, therefore, be perceived that a large degree of the hostile criticism upon this weapon lies within the theoretical area and the detestable ground which always presents opposing views.

However, from authentic sources we hear, as to the capacity of the Mauser pistol for killing a horse, that in the Tirah Campaign a certain general was accustomed to remove all disabled or wounded horses by the aid of the Mauser pistol, and seldom, if ever, was there more than one shot necessary for this purpose. So again, despite contrary criticism, we have established the capacity of this weapon to bowl over this large quadruped, and whether or not it is due to the room which he affords for a bullet to dance in, it is not such a bad performance for a weapon condemned as a military arm by certain of its critics. But is the "ball-room" theory of its effects upon a horse correct? Professor Bruns, in an exhaustive series of experiments, found that a bullet would smash a horse's leg at 50 yds., which rather tends to discredit the statement that the roominess of a horse may, in his case, cause a fatal effect, which therefore would not be in any degree serious in a less roomy being like a man. Let us suppose that in a mêlée a Mauser pistol bullet at close quarters acted by rare chance like a bodkin. Is the shooter thereby doomed? Does not the correcting virtue of rapidity enable him to inflict almost simultaneously a second wound or even a third, which would knock silly the lustiest ruffian—black or white? In the experiments with various bullets of which details were recently published, the shots were fired into raw boneless beef, and it is by no means conclusive that this medium affords any reliable clue to the behaviour of a bullet on a living man. For example, let us assume that in shooting a Mauser pistol the first shot struck the man's body, passing harmlessly through his ribs, the second shot the arm, and the third the leg. It would scarcely be possible to shoot three more badly-aimed shots, and the result of them would be that the man would have a hole through his body and an arm and a leg broken, as we know from the recorded experiments of Professor Bruns. Does not this statement entirely cut the ground from under the feet of its opponents? Coupled

with the fact that the German cavalry has adopted the Mauser pistol, the foregoing evidence removes all the objections, which were thought to prevent the adoption of the pistol as a military weapon, as to the advantages offered by its long-range qualities as an officer's weapon. This is not, as has been supposed, a matter of expert opinion so much as one of common-sense, but even expert opinion in Germany is on the side of the matter, and when in the thick of a mêlée or in a tight corner, as in the Tirah Campaign, English expert opinion, in the shape of a badly-armed officer, seized the soldier's carbine and conducted himself in a way wofully opposed to theory and the drill-book. The capacity of the Mauser pistol to pump lead into an opponent by its great rapidity has been minimised by some of its critics, and it may be further said in reply to the question, why not have a weapon to fire all shots simultaneously? that it is not only absurd as bringing it to the level of the one shot from the revolver which its advocates say they rely upon, but it is also a spendthrift waste of chances. If one shot is wrongly aimed, it is surely an advantage to have a chance of correcting the error at the next shot. It seems to have been lost sight of, too, that each shot may inflict a serious wound, and a rapid accumulation of small wounds, or those not deadly in themselves, is more likely to have a fatal effect than the chance of one large wound with the odds in favour of missing. If, as we hear, an improved bullet is shortly to be introduced which will render the Mauser even more deadly at short ranges than it now is, it is difficult to conceive a much better weapon for cavalry and officers' use than the automatic pistol has proved itself to be.

In a recent report of the Budget Commissions in the Reichstag, the German War Minister announced that the War Office would not introduce any new bullets—either the Dum Dum or hollow-pointed—which they had had for some time under their careful consideration. These bullets were not considered contrary to the Geneva Convention, but the Minister was of opinion that they formed a suitable subject for discussion at the forthcoming Peace Conference. Apart from the humanitarian considerations involved in the question of the Dum Dum and hollow-pointed bullets, we have on record, therefore, the fact that the German Government does not consider the solid nickel bullet in their rifles (which are practically of the same bore as the Lee-Metford rifle, and register about the same muzzle velocity) gives insufficient smashing or man-stopping power. In fact, from other sources of opinion we learn that, as the German experts consider they have obtained very extensive stopping power from the solid nickel bullets, it is believed that our own Lee-Metford rifle has been slandered by the critics who judged the stopping power of this nickel bullet to be inadequate. As further proof of the interest which the military advisers to continental nations take in the doing of all that relates to armaments, it is reported that experiments have been continually carried on with the 63-millimetre small-bore rifle, which was used in the Hispano-American War, and the conclusion arrived at by the German Government is that although this bore had various advantages, which are no doubt a flatter trajectory and an extended range, they consider it doubtful whether the effect of this small-bore bullet is adequate at long ranges. At the same time, they are prosecuting enquiries as to the results obtained with this weapon in the American Campaign, and pending this information the introduction of the small bore has been provisionally abandoned. In the meantime, the grants of money voted will be expended in producing rifles of the existing bore, and special attention is being paid to the improvements in the action and in other ways. It is a fact of the greatest significance that the German authorities apparently consider that their present Service rifle, 7.9-millimetre Lore, i.e., the .315 bullet weighing 227 grs., has adequate stopping power both at short and long ranges, and that they have no intention of imitating this country in adopting a form of explosive bullet, i.e. the Dum Dum or any other. Not only the critics, but all people who take an intelligent interest in the armaments of this country, would be amply repaid by watching with calm judgment the decisions of the experts of foreign Governments. We note, at all events, that in Germany they are now engaged upon further improvements to the mechanism of their rifles, and this should further open the eyes of the critics of the Lee-Enfield rifle, who frequently assert that we are considerably behind our continental rivals in our Service rifles. Whether this be true or not, our Service rifle is certainly in no way superior to the German or the Austrian rifle, and no doubt, perfect as it is, it has existed long enough for the experts to have discovered in what way it is deficient. If German authorities, who are supposed to have a better system than our own, have discovered deficiencies and weaknesses in their rifle, it would be pertinent to ask what our own experts are doing in the matter. Will they leave it, as they generally do, till the eleventh hour, and then call in, as physicians to a specially urgent case, some foreign expert to tide them over the difficulty, and leave it to chance and time to effect suitable improvements, as was done in the case of the Lee-Metford rifle? Would it not be better if the War Office Committee were empowered to invite tenders for better rifles or improvements on the present system from British gun-makers and inventors, holding out to them the hope of a suitable reward, and promising to give to each serious offer an exhaustive examination, so that we may not only not be behind our rivals should the evil of war fall upon us, but also that we might have removed the stigma too long attached to us, of having a foreigner's name associated with the British Government rifle.

It is the practice of some of the critics of German inventions to speak lightly of the productions which emanate from Germany as being necessarily inferior to those of England, and to consider they have settled the question by attaching the label "Made in Germany." This is, of course, prejudice, which would be considerably diminished by a more intimate knowledge of German manufacturers, of their efforts, and also of the state of opinion amongst German experts, who apparently do not vitiate their own chance of arriving at perfection by refusing to consider and examine the military productions of their rivals. It would be interesting to know what view is taken by the military advisers of the War Office upon the self-loading pistol, which has been adopted by the German authorities, and if they have not at present given any consideration to the question, whether it would not be advisable to do so in the best interests of the Army and the country. The critics have laid particular stress upon the alleged want of stopping power of the bullet, and these same critics, it must be remembered, gave similar reasons for condemning the Lee-Metford bullet when it was first introduced. Then the expanding bullet was invented and adopted, and although in this respect an advance was made, bringing our infantry shooting equipment, as it was thought, a further point beyond that of our continental rivals towards the goal of perfection, these same rivals have not considered it necessary to imitate us in the adoption of an expanding bullet. In the recent Egyptian Campaign at Atbara and Omdurman, an effective trial in actual warfare was made of the expanding bullet, which was employed with the most deadly effect. The behaviour of this bullet is, no doubt, being closely watched by continental nations, and it is interesting to note the effect its use in Egypt had upon the minds of continental experts.

NEVIS.



THE WIND-UP OF THE SEASON.

THE steeplechase season proper, which is practically opened in November, at Liverpool, may now be said to have come to its real conclusion, at Sandown Park, in April; and on Saturday last an unusually large company assembled at the Esher rendezvous to assist at the fall of the curtain on what can only be described as one of the worst seasons on record. It is true that Manifesto, a Grand National winner in 1897, and again in 1899, has been lauded to the skies as a really great chaser, and yet I have always thought rather unduly so. That he is a good honest horse, a fine fencer, and a thorough stayer there is not, of course, the slightest doubt, but that he is entitled to rank with such as Cloister, Austerlitz, or Disturbance is very questionable. In 1897 the commoners Filbert and Ford of Fyne followed him home at Aintree, whilst this year Ford of Fyne and the moderate Elliman filled the second and third places. Granted that on both these occasions the winner was giving a lot of weight away, and won with consummate ease, it would hardly have required a really good horse to do both, and I have always thought that Manifesto ran his best race when, only half trained, he made such a gallant effort to give 16lb. to Villiers in the Cardinal's Handicap Hurdle Race at Sandown Park in February last.

Manifesto's weight in last Saturday's International Steeplechase at Sandown Park was brought up to 13st. 7lb. by a 12lb. penalty. This is hardly a fair racing weight—although such horses as Chandos and Hesper used to carry 14st. over hurdles, and win, too—and it certainly did not look possible for him to give 20lb. to Drogheda, who had 12st. 11lb. to carry. When, therefore, the 1898 Grand National winner became the property of Manifesto's owner for 3,300 guineas, at the sale of Mr. R. C. Dawson's horses, after the second race of the afternoon, most people concluded that he would carry the light blue and cherry sleeved jacket instead of the top weight. For some reason or another, however, this was not so, and the honour of the Weyhill stable was confided to the charge of this year's "Liverpool" winner. "He is very well, and he has got nothing to beat," was Mr. "Willie" Moore's opinion on the subject, and no one ought to know so well as he. And so he took his chance, and started favourite. The history of the race is soon told. The favourite was always 100yds. behind everything, and fell dead beat, at the pay-gate fence, the last time round. Mum was always in front, jumping away from her field, and she won in the commonest of canters, by four lengths, from The Tramp, with Lexington a bad third. Shocking form this, and a really great horse would certainly have given all the weight to such a moderate field.

I could not help thinking that the favourite's rider lay rather too far out of his ground the first time round, seeing that they went no great pace for the first mile or so, and the effort to make up nearly 200yds. under such a weight, when they had begun to race, was enough to settle any horse. Manifesto is such a perfect fencer that he must have been very tired before he fell, and I have no doubt that he was a thoroughly beaten horse when he came to grief. A very interesting feature of the afternoon's proceedings was the sale of Drogheda, and the rest of the horses belonging jointly to Messrs. R. C. Dawson and Adams, to which allusion has already been made, and that of Lord Cowley's very useful little lot of jumpers, which included Chair of Kildare, Bayreuth, and Morello. The last-named, who is probably the highest-class chaser in training over two miles, made 1,300 guineas, and promptly gave a taste of his quality by galloping clean away from all his opponents in the Criterion Steeplechase. It was a treat to see the ground this horse gained at every fence, and I think he was a decidedly cheap horse at the price at which he changed hands. It would have looked good business to have laid odds on Sir Vassar, Kilkerran, and Rampion against the field in the Great Sandown Hurdle Race, whilst no price would have tempted the fielders if Irish Girl and Bonnie Dundee had been added to the above trio; and yet of all these five not one could get into the first two, the actual winner turning up in the terribly moderate Jacobus, with No Fool second, and Bonnie Dundee third. Another good thing was upset when the 6 to 4 favourite, Turkish Bath, who is evidently a slovenly fencer, fell in the Southern

Maiden Steeplechase, after which the 10 to 1 chance, Yello, got home in front of Crowood, with Armenian third. This closed the proceedings, and wound up the Sandown Park Second Spring Meeting, and the National Hunt season of 1898-99, with a good day's sport, but one of the worst afternoons for backers ever known, in which not a single favourite got home in front. Although the season just passed opened with the appearance of several promising young recruits, they most of them proved themselves to be frauds as time wore on; and with the exception of a few really good chasers, such as Gentle Ida, Manifesto, Morello, and Sweet Charlotte, all of whom are Irish, by the way, sport over fences was for the most part kept going by a lot of wretches utterly unworthy of the name of steeplechasers. Hurdle races will, no doubt, always keep themselves going, but hurdle-racing is not steeplechasing, and unless some serious steps are taken to put fresh vitality into the sport, it is difficult to see how this latter form of racing is to be kept alive for more than another season, or two at the most.



WE are living in times in which everything has to give way to the convenience of the public, and although it may come as a surprise to many to learn that a new line of railway is being made to the Epsom Downs, nevertheless it is a fact, and on Tuesday last a train, which is shown by an accompanying photograph, brought down some people connected with the new line to what will in future be known as Tattenham Corner Station, now being erected in a field adjoining that well-known feature of the Epsom race-course, round which so many famous races have been lost and won.

It is a remarkable thing, if a horse has once run well over any particular course, how almost certain he is to do so again. The principal feature of last year's City and Suburban Handicap at Epsom was the running of the Australian horse Newhaven II., who, after being apparently tailed off in the early part of the race, showed such brilliant speed in the last 200yds. that he only finished two lengths behind the winner, Bay Ronald, to whom he was



Photo. THE DESECRATION OF TATTENHAM CORNER. Copyright

giving 8lb., and was going twice as fast as anything else at the time. He afterwards beat Bridegroom II. in a match over the Rowley Mile, but his six subsequent performances were disappointing, and gave some colour to the idea that he was not always to be trusted to do his best. It is more likely, however, that he was run out of his distance, which may not be more than a mile and a quarter, and at any rate it is certain that he had not been long enough in this country to have become thoroughly acclimatised. He never looked so well since he has been over here as he did in the Epsom paddock on Wednesday of last week, and as he had been galloping with plenty of fire and dash in his home work with Clipsestone, and others of Blackwell's string, no one could have helped fancying his chance for this year's City and Suburban, even with 9st. on his back, had it not been for the fear that he might not give his best running.

This fear, however, proved to be quite groundless. Unlike last year, when he was never in the race for the first mile, he was always in a good place this time, and although his fellow-countryman, Survivor, came storming up the straight in front of everything, as if he had won his race, the top weight was only biding his time, and, closing with the leader at the Bell, he left him as if 19lb. was a matter of no importance, and showing all his last year's speed, he drew away at every stride, and won in the most decisive fashion by a couple of lengths. This was an undeniably good performance, and makes out Newhaven II. to be a real good horse over this distance, which is probably just about as far as he cares to go. It is a remarkable thing that he only made 120 guineas when sold as a yearling in Australia, where he had a very successful career as a three year old, after which he became the sole property of Mr. W. Cooper, who during the following season sent him to this country, where he arrived in July, 1897. He is engaged in the Kempton Park Jubilee Stakes, in which his weight, including a 14lb. penalty, will be 9st. 10lb., and seeing how well

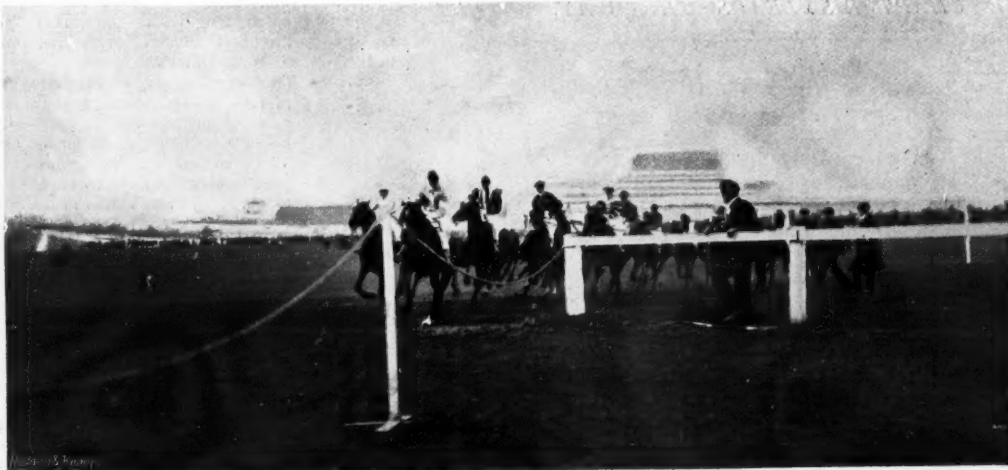


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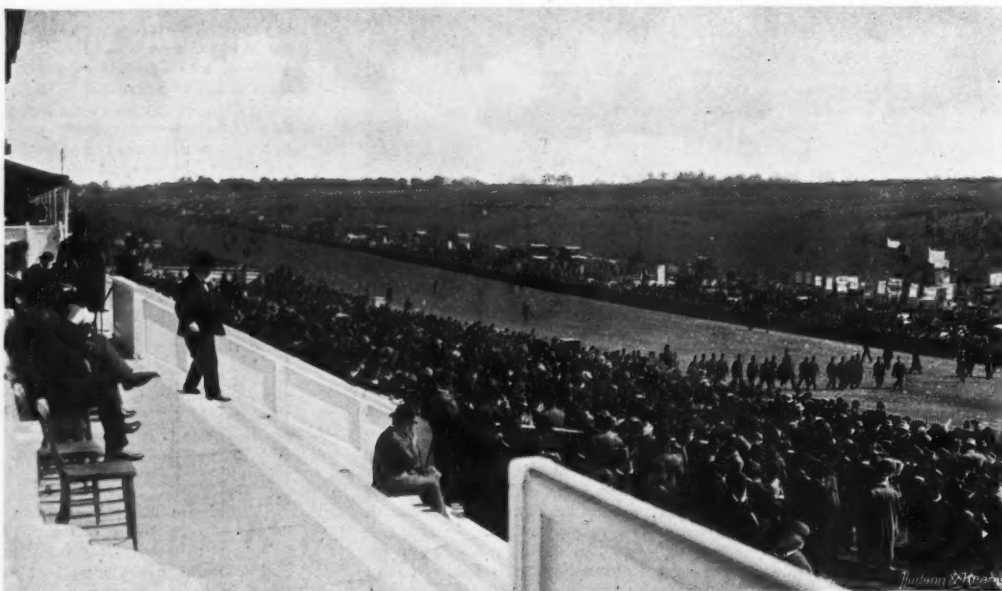
FIRST MILE OF THE GREAT METROPOLITAN STAKES.

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the heavy weights usually perform in this event, I should be sorry to say that he could not win.

To go back to the beginning, however, the Epsom Spring Meeting was opened with the victory of Isinglass's first public performer, the two year old Remise, in the Tattenham Plate. She had already taken the March Two Year Old Stakes at Liverpool, when she was bought in for 410 guineas. It now cost 620 guineas to retain her, and although she may not be of any great class, it is not often that any young sire sends out his first representative to win a couple of races off the reel. A very good stamp of youngster is Longy, by Trenton out of Saintly, who was backed as if he was a good thing for the Ashley Plate at Newmarket. He could only get fifth there, however, much to the joy of all such as are prejudiced against Australian sires, and especially of a certain old gentleman who writes for a morning contemporary, and who always tries to get his knife into anything connected with the Cobham Stud. Those, however, who noticed that the youngster was chopped at the start, and running on well at the finish, were prepared to see this form improved on the next time he ran, as I wrote in these notes at the time that it would be. We did not have to wait long for it either, as in the Westminster Plate, on the opening day of the Epsom Meeting, he ran a fine race home with the well-tried Nushka, whom he beat by a head, with Planudes, Muscovado, and three others behind the pair. The winner is as good-looking a youngster as anyone could wish to see, and as he is a very late foal—May 23rd—and a backward sort, I cannot help thinking that there are the makings of a really good horse in him. I am also glad to hear the best accounts of Trenton's great fine colt out of Golden Agnes, for whom Captain Purefoy gave a long price at the Doncaster sales last year, and I have also been told of two or three other likely youngsters by the same marvellously successful sire in his own country.

This brought us up to the Great Metropolitan Stakes, for which fourteen good-class handicappers went to the post, two of whom, King's Messenger and Velo, met to fight their Babraham Plate battle over again, on 4lb. better terms for the first named, who suffered a length defeat at Newmarket. He looked all the better at Epsom for his gallop on that occasion, and turned the tables on the three year old in the most decisive fashion, though as the distance of the Epsom handicap was three-quarters of a mile further than that of the Newmarket event, it would, of course, be all in favour of the four year old. This pair were split by the six year old St. Bris, a coarse, common sort of a horse, whom I have never liked, in spite of his having won a Cesarewitch, and as the winner



W. A. Rouch.

A VIEW DOWN THE COURSE.

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was giving him two years all but 11lb., and the third was only in receipt of 18lb. for the three years between them, the performance was not much to boast about. The winner is evidently a very improved horse, and he won with such ridiculous ease that he might have a chance in the Chester Cup, even with a penalty which brings his weight up to 8st. 7lb. Innocence, who has an engagement in the Derby, upset a hot favourite when he beat Loreto in the Prince of Wales's Stakes; no bad performance either, considering that he was giving Lord Stanley's Warwick and Liverpool winner a year and 4lb., whilst later in the afternoon his half brother, Sir Geoffrey, beat a good field of sprinters in the Great Surrey Handicap of five furlongs. The first of these colts is a three year old by Simonian, the second a four year old by St. Angelo, and the dam of both is La Vierge, a mare by Hampton out of Elizabeth, by Statesman, and the property of Captain A. Greville. The patience of spectators was sorely tried by the delay in starting this race, and as Fosco, who would otherwise probably have won, was practically left when the flag at length fell, the public once more went home marvelling greatly at the stupidity of the Jockey Club in not enforcing the use of the starting-gate. But as this will happen at every day's racing between now and the end of the season, and the rulers of the Turf seem to be absolutely indifferent to the fact that half the interest of racing will be thereby spoilt, the legs and tempers of no small number of two year olds ruined, and the door opened wide to dishonesty, it is hardly worth while saying anything more on the subject.

The Tudor Plate at Sandown Park on Thursday reintroduced us to Mr. W. R. Marshall's Derby outsider, the colt by Suspender out of Revelry, who had won the North Park Plate at Epsom on the previous Tuesday. He has evidently come on a lot since being beaten by Ugolino at Lincoln, and he won here in decisive style by three lengths. There are more unlikely things than his getting a place at Epsom on the last day of next month. Many people thought the extra quarter of a mile over which the Sandown Park Esher Stakes is run might be too far for the Lincoln Handicap winner, General Peace, more especially as he was carrying a 10lb. penalty. That his connections did not share this opinion was shown by the fact that he was sent to the post, and well backed in addition. He ran well, too, and although unable to concede 17lb. to the despised Calveley, he did well enough to suggest that it may not be long before he wins another handicap. The victory of the Duke of Westminster's four year old, who finished a long way behind Flying Fox in that horse's recent examination, naturally made the three year old a hotter favourite than ever for the Two Thousand Guineas. It came as a surprise to most people when Hulcot had to knock under to Vulpio in the Stud Produce Stakes, a result which may have been due to his being a slow beginner, and although I know that the winner had been well galloped at home, I still think Hulcot the best of his age we have seen out this season up to date, with the possible exception of the filly by Janissary out of Swiftsure, who won the Hyde Park Plate at Epsom.

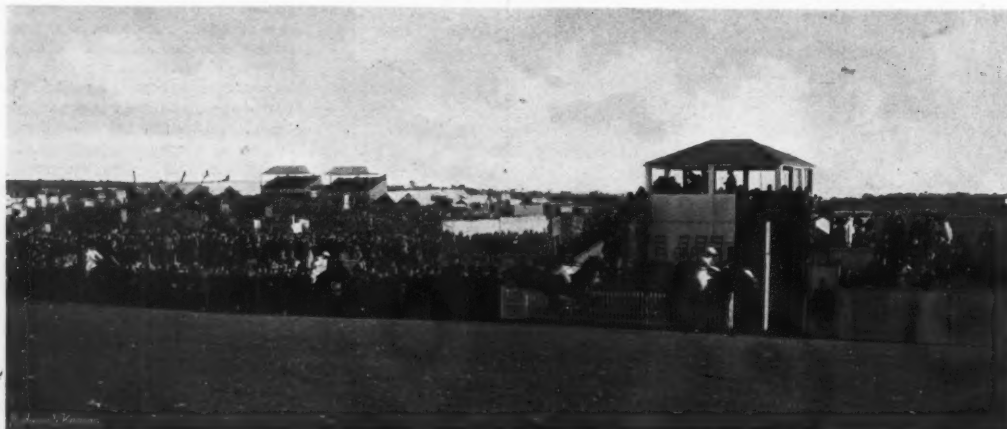
That this filly is something out of the common was plainly shown by the style in which she defeated the Newmarket winner, Cutaway, and, seeing how she is bred, she is not at all unlikely



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WINSOME CHARTERIS LEADS THE WAY.

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FINISH OF THE CITY AND SUBURBAN.

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to grow into a very good mare indeed. She is extraordinarily inbred to Birdcatcher, her sire Janissary going back to that famous horse through Oxford and Stockwell (twice), whilst her dam, Swiftsure, gives it back to him twice through the own brothers, Stockwell and Rataplan. What better could anybody want than this? The City and Suburban winner, Newhaven II., also strains directly back to Birdcatcher in tail male on both sides of his pedigree, being by Newminster, son of The Marquis, out of Oceana, by St. Albans, by Blair Athol. Perhaps the best-bred horse in the Stud Book is this year's "Metropolitan" winner, King's Messenger. He is by King Monmouth, whose dam, Miss Somerset, returns to his sire, King Lud, the best blood of that horse's dam, namely, Blacklock; out of Swiftsure, whose Galopin blood was bound to hit with King Monmouth's Qui Vive and Velocipede, whilst the Birdcatcher strains through Blinckhoolie and Blair Athol could not fail to nick well with all this Blacklock blood. He is also inbred to the No. 19 family, which almost always ensures stamina. The Tudor Plate victory of the Revelry colt is another triumph for the Birdcatcher blood, that very useful colt being by Suspender, son of Muncaster, who has two crosses of that blood, through Stockwell and Miss Agnes. To this he adds plenty of Newminster, and good strains of Sweetmeat, Melbourne, and Weatherbit. Calveley, who from his breeding ought to be a better horse than he is, represents the cross of Blacklock on Birdcatcher, his sire, St. Serf, being by St. Simon, and going back on his dam's side to Woodbine, by Stockwell out of Honeysuckle, by Touchstone; whilst his dam, Sandiway, is by Doncaster out of Clemence, by Newminster. He is, therefore, also inbred to the cross of Stockwell on Touchstone through his dam Sandiway, and his paternal great-grandam, Woodbine.

In the number of COUNTRY LIFE dealing with this season's three year olds I wrote as follows: "None of them, however, are likely to be within measurable distance of Flying Fox." Since these words were written Flying Fox has won a great trial at Kingsclere, and is now an odds-on favourite for



W. A. Rouch.

NEWHAVEN II. LED IN.

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the Two Thousand and at 2 to 1 for the Derby. That he has grown and improved beyond the average during the winter, and that he made hacks of those who opposed him in his home gallop, is known to everyone, and yet if we look closely into it the form of this trial tackle may be a little unreliable after all. I hope to see the son of Orme and Vampire win the Derby, because I have always been a thick and thin admirer of his sire, and I like the colt himself, but I must confess to having a wholesome dread of the French colt, Holocauste.

OUTPOST.



"Robespierre."

HERE we have a play of shreds and patches; picturesque shreds, brilliant patches—making a garment the reverse of dull, with an effect the reverse of uninteresting. But shreds and patches, all the same. You might "drop into" the Lyceum at almost any hour during the evening and find something to interest you. You would have beautiful scenery and gorgeous stage pictures to look at; you would have your attention held by episodes either of dramatic power or theatrical effect. The very fact that they would so interest you, though you did not know what had preceded them, shows that "Robespierre," by M. Sardou, is not a good play in the proper sense of the word.

There is so little story and so much decoration—of incident and spectacle—in the new play at the Lyceum; there are so many things which not only do not concern the main thread of the story, but have no auxiliary part in the working out of the scheme. What, for instance, has the visit of Mr. Benjamin Vaughan—an emissary of Fox and Sheridan and the English Opposition, to Robespierre to arrange for a treaty of peace between England and France over the heads of the English Government—to Paris to do with the story in which Robespierre, Clarisse de Maluçon, and Olivier are the only figures? How does the finely-conceived and splendidly-arranged prison scene forward the action? Though the things which occur there illustrate the reign of the "Terror" and harrow one by the

poignancy of their pathos, nothing happens really germane to the issue involving Robespierre, Clarisse, and Olivier. Almost as thrilling is the vision of Robespierre where he sees the wraiths of his victims and falls, fainting and horror-stricken, before their menacing gestures; it affords a fine opportunity for the presentation of those weird effects for which the theatre and the actor are famous—but it really does not bear upon the history of Robespierre, Clarisse, and Olivier.

The great spectacle of the Fête of the Supreme Being, on the other hand, is interwoven with the story, for it leads to the arrest of Olivier for shouting down Robespierre. There is a vast amount of spectacle to very little drama—but still, there is a certain amount of dovetailing and therefore it is excusable. It may be urged that all these things, though they do not help the drama proper, are quite in the right vein, inasmuch as they paint for us a picture of the time and bring before us the period in which move the people of the dramatist—that he is composing his "colour scheme" before filling in his figures. The answer to such an argument would be that the picture is nearly all colour scheme and very little else. And, more than this, the colour and the period should be indicated side by side with the story. The story should not be allowed to stand still while they are being brought before us. Shakespeare, in his chronicle plays, cannot be accused of failing to depict for us the manners and customs of the time, but his plot moved almost incessantly forward; the two things were carried on together.

But, as has been generally pointed out, however "Robespierre" may offend against the canons of dramatic construction,

it hardly for one moment ceases to be a highly-entertaining work. Now and again, of course, M. Sardou gives us a thrilling dramatic moment—without the aid of stage crowds or scenic accessories. Such a one is the scene between Robespierre and his son, Olivier. He has just learned that the young man whose arrest he has ordered is his son—the boy is still ignorant of his parentage. Sardou shows us a Robespierre overflowing at this moment with the milk of human kindness. He is brimming over with love for the son he has never seen before; for his son's mother, from whom he ran away twenty years ago and has never troubled again to seek out. Olivier hates the tyrant, insults him, vilifies him, but Robespierre is all gentleness. He begs the youth to tell him where, and under what name, his mother and his sweetheart are imprisoned, that he may save them, though they may be on their way to the guillotine even now. But Olivier, knowing nothing of what is passing in Robespierre's mind, and being certain that his anxiety for their safety is only assumed, that he only wishes to discover their whereabouts in order to hasten their execution, absolutely refuses to disclose their secret. This is really a powerful scene, splendidly played by Sir Henry Irving as Robespierre and Mr. Kyrle Bellew as Olivier.

Another fine scene, too, is the watching of the tumbrils passing, by Robespierre and Clarisse, now free again. The all-powerful father and the weeping mother watch between the shutters of the closed windows the death carts rolling by. Should Olivier be among the victims, even Robespierre would be unable to save him. It is a moving and a pathetic scene—though losing much of its point from the feebleness and hesitancy of Miss Ellen Terry, who, apparently, was not conversant with her part. Even so handicapped, Sir Henry played it very finely.

The last act is full of sound and fury which signifies a certain amount. It is the meeting of the Convention; Robespierre's downfall has been decided upon. In vain he strives for a hearing—he is shouted down. Olivier is near him, ready to kill him, egged on by the enemies of the once omnipotent Robespierre. At last, the tyrant, seeing that the guillotine awaits him, kills himself. That is the end of the play.

Sir Henry Irving, though unequal and sometimes mannered and indistinct on the first night, gave to his character the old force, the old magnetism, the old poetry and suggestion; his long illness, we were all delighted to see, had not diminished his power, his Robespierre was full of thought and charm. It does not afford the actor the chance of displaying his greatest efforts, but it is an effective vehicle for the exploitation of his own peculiar gifts, all the same. Miss Ellen Terry disappointed us from beginning to end. Not for one moment did she "let herself go," not for one moment did she do more than "walk through" her part. No one else in the very long list of characters has the opportunity for distinction.

Mr. Laurence Irving has translated the play into strong and excellent English; indeed, everything has been done for it in every department. There can be little doubt that it will be a big success—there are so many things to make it so. But this

much should be placed on record—it contains nothing as a play which any of the first half-dozen English dramatists could not have accomplished. We should like one of them to write a play for the first of living English actors.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

ARE the authors going to form a "combine" against the tyrannical managers? Are we to have a Dramatists' Trade Union to afford the poor, down-trodden playwrights protection against the greedy capitalists who seek to "sweat" them and grind them down? The spectacle of the emaciated, poverty-stricken, starving band of Pineros, Joneses, Grundys, Cartons, Barries, and the rest, under the heel of such bloated plutocrats as Beerbohm Tree, George Alexander, Charles Wyndham, Frederick Harrison, and Cyril Maude, is a pitiable comment on the boasted civilisation of this "so-called" nineteenth century. And so the Incorporated Society of Authors is going to take the matter up, and, no doubt, will organise a gigantic strike among the dramatists. We shall see the stage doors of all the theatres strongly "picketed," and blacklegs, with manuscripts bulging from every pocket, will be severely "persuaded" against supplying their wares to the boycotted houses. Trade, of course, will be driven from the country, the French and German authors will step in and secure the "orders"; but in a great question of principle like this such merely sordid considerations will not be allowed to interfere.

Before these lines are published, the last two important *premieres* of an exceptionally busy season will have taken place—"Change Alley," at the Garrick, where Mrs. Tree, on the first night, will have spoken the Prologue with which Messrs. Louis N. Parker and Murray Carson have provided their play; and "In Days of Old," at the St. James's, where Mr. Alexander will have initiated us in the doings of Merrie England during the time of the Wars of the Roses, when Henry VI. was King. By the time this issue of COUNTRY LIFE is in the hands of its readers, the world will have learned how those charming actresses, Miss Fay Davis, Miss Violet Vanbrugh, Miss Julie Opp, and Miss Esmé Beringer shine as devotees at the shrine of Terpsichore, as well as of Thalia or Melpomene, as the case may be. We shall have seen Mr. Alexander as the young and gallant hero; Mr. H. B. Irving as the gruesome dwarf; we shall have seen fights and castles, and love-lorn ladies-fair; and robbers' haunts and gracious Courts. Let us hope that we shall have hailed "In Days of Old" as a big success, and cheered and applauded Mr. Edward Rose, the author of it.

What wonderful things are a fashionable theatre and a popular actor. Up to the time of writing, "Carnac Sahib," at Her Majesty's, has been playing to very large audiences. Whether or not this will last is, of course, a doubtful point; but that a play so universally and unanimously condemned by the critics and the first-night audience should have weathered the storm for a fortnight, is a very great tribute indeed to the hold Mr. Tree has upon playgoers and the commanding position of his theatre, the two combined having enabled him to override an expression of opinion so strong and so undivided on the demerits of the play. Sometimes it happens that a piece "slated" by the papers develops into a success; but this comes about because the management is strong enough to "hold on" for a sufficient length of time for the public to forget the newspaper comment. The theatre remains nearly empty for a week or two, and then begins gradually to attract the playgoers. But, at Her Majesty's, there was nothing of this. The house was filled on the second and succeeding nights. Of course, as has been said, this may not last; we may hear at any moment that the end is in sight; it may be that, when the admirers of Mr. Tree, who will see him in everything he does, and the *clientele* of the theatre, have been exhausted, the general public will not fill the breach. On the other hand, after the extraordinary volte-face on the part of playgoers towards "The Manœuvres of Jane"—rallying to the Haymarket after weeks of neglect—he would be a bold man who would say that "Carnac Sahib" will not last as long as the season.

To-night (Saturday) Mr. George Grossmith, jun.'s, barlesque, "Great Caesar," will be produced at the Comedy Theatre, with a strong company, including those two clever comedians, Mr. Willie Edouin and Miss Ada Reeve. PHŒBUS.

"Long Acres."

WHEN the Enclosure Acts were passed, it was found that on many old maps the acreage differed. The size of the acres varied even on the same map, and people were credited with having more or less land than they possessed, according to whether they were on land which was measured by "long acres" or "short acres." The difference seems to have started somehow in this way. The ancient measure of land was (even in this country) as much as two good oxen, or what is more properly known as a "yoke of oxen," could plough in a day. A man was entered on an assessment

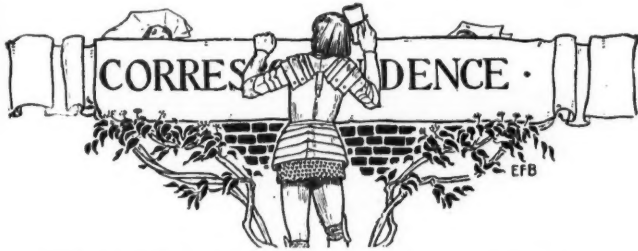


J. T. Newman.

THE FURLONG.

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as owning so many of these days' work in ploughing. These in time became "acres." But it is evident that the amount a pair of oxen ploughed in a day differed very much. If the land were easy they would do more than if the land were stiff. In one parish the acres would be "long acres" on light land; in another they would be "short acres" on heavy land. Or there might be short acres in a stiff clayey valley, and long acres on the top of the hill in the same parish. Hence there was much confusion, and the standard acre had to be settled without any reference to ploughing or work at all. But Long Acre, the present headquarters of the carriage-building industry in London, still retains the old name. Our view of "the furlong" shows how, in old days, each man's single team worked out and back again for a great distance on suitable land. THE FURLONG, or furrow-long, has come to be a measure of distance, but it was not so in the beginning. It was the name given to the bit of land where the teams of the village used to go out and jointly plough the land. In Berkshire there are many villages which have a field, generally a very good one, which is still called "the furlong," or the town furlong, corrupted into "tunferlin."



PHEASANT'S EYE NARCISSUS CHANGING ITS FORM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It is surely unusual for a colony of the Pheasant's Eye narcissus, after the first year of blossoming in their own character, to change to somewhat, in form and colour, of the Lent lily. Yet this is what has happened in a friend's garden. The flower my friend showed me, a specimen of all the rest in the same border, retained the fragrance, but that only, of its former character. The outer petals were of pale yellow, the thickly-clustered inner ones, into which the "eye" had expanded, deep orange, mixed with a paler yellow, and slightly incurved. The plants had not been interfered with since planting two years before—simply left to themselves. We wonder if anybody else has had a similar experience.—A LOVER OF FLOWERS.

[There must be a mistake. The true *Narcissus poeticus* (the Pheasant's Eye narcissus) would not undergo such a startling change as to assume the characteristic features of the Lent lily, an entirely different species (*N. Pseudo-narcissus*). Probably the bulbs were mixed, and a stray bulb of another kind had got into the Pheasant's Eye colony. The Pheasant's Eye rarely "sports," and if such an occurrence did take place it would not transform itself into the Lent lily.—ED.]

PRIMROSE-EATERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can anyone tell me why it is that my primroses, especially those in a certain bed, get their heads nibbled off as soon as the flowers grow up? I suppose it is either birds or mice, but the flowers are not nibbled as one would expect to find them if mice were the eaters. The only birds I see much about in that bed are a pair of hedge-sparrows, and they are almost above suspicion. It seems that whatever it is prefers the red primroses. I have looked carefully to see if any insect was at the base of the flowers, so that the destroyer might really be after the insect, and not after the flower itself, but can find nothing to support that notion.—PUZZLED.

MAKING FIGURES ON YEW HEDGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have some yew hedges on which I should like to have some common figures, such as balls and spikes, and should be much obliged if you would tell me how to set about the business. Should I let the tufts grow till they are about the right size, or gradually trim them into shape yearly?—D. K.

[This is not a difficult matter, though some time must elapse before you realise your ambition of decorating the hedge with fanciful objects. Yew hedges should not be hard trimmed with the shears, but with the knife, and your first proceeding must be to leave here and there where the figures are desired some of the previous season's growths, such as clusters of several shoots. These can scarcely be got to form any figure the first year, but they may be slightly topped in the winter with a knife. Then, after the second season's growth, sufficient foundation should be furnished to enable balls or cones or other objects to be roughly outlined. As growth progresses the shoots must be trimmed to the form desired. Always remember that the figures should be as simple as possible in outline. Elaborate cutting in will prove unsatisfactory.—ED.]

LIZARDS AS PETS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have known several lizards intimately which were, and are still, kept as pets by various members of my family. A large South American lizard lived for some time in London, travelled with his master to various parts of England, and never seemed to suffer from the climate, though he had no special cage, and no artificial heat beyond the usual heat of the rooms he lived in. Another lizard, who is still alive, and quite a well-known character, was hatched out in England, though of Australian parentage; he is a great traveller, as his mistress takes him with her wherever she goes, and he seems quite hardy, only requiring the protection of a flannel covering to his box when he makes long journeys. Large lizards make most interesting pets, and soon become very tame. Milk and small pieces of meat are their usual food, but I have seen them eat a great variety of things, especially when brought down to be made much of at the dinner table.—V. S. B.

COWS' FONDNESS FOR BONE MANURE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—You are always so ready to notice any peculiar traits about animals, that I think it may interest you to hear of a curious predilection that the cows that graze on a certain South Country golf links show for the bone manure with which it is sought to enrich the greens and teeing grounds. The ground man told me that as he was sprinkling the bone manure on a green, to leeward of which was a small herd of the commoners' cows, the cows appeared to sniff the breeze, as if they found something in it that attracted them, and after a short time they one and all worked their way up to where he was throwing the stuff on the ground. They then began smelling at it, and seemed to enjoy the flavour of it amazingly. Often since we have noticed them congregated on the spots where the manure has been sprinkled, so that there is no doubt of their fondness for it. It may be a very well-known fact that I am relating, but it was new to me and to all the golfers who saw it at that time, and possibly it may be a novel idea and not altogether uninteresting to your readers.—SURREYITE.

CARAVAN TOURS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I wish to make a tour in the South of England for a few weeks in a "caravan." Can you tell me where I could hire a suitable vehicle or two, with fittings designed for the purpose? The party will be four or five in number, including my wife and another lady. We propose to carry tents, but should wish to sleep in the caravans in unfavourable weather.—CESTRIAN.

[Perhaps some of our readers can answer this query.—ED.]

PEAS FROM A MUMMY CASE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have to-day seen in a neighbouring garden some pea plants, grown to some gin. high, from peas taken from an old Egyptian mummy case. I am aware that this is not at all an unprecedented case, but thought it might be of interest. The plants are not quite like our English peas, and I am told that they are probably lentils. The gardener has a notion of hybridising them when they come into flower with the English pea; but it is to be hoped that some specimens at all events will be allowed to reproduce themselves, so that we may see what, exactly, the species is.—H. G. H.

GRAVEL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have seen some letters in your paper on the subject of gravel, and especially referring to Croydon gravel. I may say, having had some considerable experience of it, that the Croydon gravel is very good in the big flints for a cart road—very durable—but I do not find it nearly so good in the fine for carriage drives. There is a great admixture of clay in it, which makes it apt to take the moisture after rain and become clammy. If it be laid on a very dry and porous subsoil, this may not be so, but it is so in my own experience on a normal kind of subsoil. I therefore have found it a good plan, where a fine surface is required, to mix the Croydon gravel with about an equal quantity of sea-beach, of the small sifted kind. The common complaint about the sea-beach is that it does not bind. That is quite true—there is nothing to make it bind if it be unmixed; but if it be mixed with the Croydon gravel, there is in this latter quite enough clay to make a mixture of half sea-beach to half itself bind well, and bind with so little clay left over that it does not become pasty when the rain comes. As I say, one can only speak of one's own experience, and where the subsoil is different the results with the overlying stuff may be different; but my experience is as I say. I have no knowledge of Malvern gravel, but understand it to have much the same qualities as the Croydon, and, if that is so, I imagine that an admixture of sea-beach would improve it no less than the other.—SUSSEX.

GOLD-FISH LOSING COLOUR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should be glad if you or any reader of COUNTRY LIFE could tell me why gold-fish lose their bright colour, and, in the course of a few months after the change has begun, become pale pink—flesh-colour rather better describes the tint. For years we have kept gold-fish and roach in a tank some 7ft. long by 3ft. wide and 17in. deep, and it is only within the last three years that we have noticed the aggravating loss of colour. The tank is situated in one of our conservatories, so the fish are not exposed to sudden and severe changes of temperature; we feed them on various kinds of food, such as boiled rice, semolina, soaked biscuit (unsweetened), small water insects, and occasionally ants' eggs. If you could tell me the reason of the change of colour, and whether we can prevent it or not, I should be extremely obliged.—C. M. MAJOR.

[That the fish should change colour after having lived in the tank for several years is strange, but not unprecedented. If the position of the tank were changed it is possible the golden colour might return. Perhaps some of our readers will give us the benefit of their experience.—ED.]

TAME OTTERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Seeing a query in COUNTRY LIFE respecting tame otters, I have kept one for over two years, and find it a most interesting pet, but of the nature of a badger or mongoose, and it cannot be compared to a dog in intelligence or obedience. Anyone having kept the last-mentioned animals would know what to expect of an otter. He will scuttle after you in the open fields, and come when called, should nothing distract his attention or frighten him, when he is apt to bolt into the nearest hedge or wood. The only thing is to foresee the danger and carry him. Owing to the shape of his head and neck, no collar will stay on should the animal struggle, though if tame he will lead, care being taken not to drag the collar over his head. Therefore chaining to a kennel or coupling to a terrier is out of the question. A large loose lox or kennel, with run attached, is suitable. My otter would scarcely go into the water till a year old, and, though now fond of a swim, will come out when it has had its fling, and when lost has sometimes come home of itself after a few days. No doubt one could be obtained by advertising in the usual live-stock papers, though they are rather difficult to get, and prices range from 40s. or 50s. upwards. As to food, cooked meat and vegetables are best as staple food when fish is not procurable. Also eggs, apples, etc., are much liked. Slops are to be avoided, and a dry bed is essential, as the animal—at least in captivity—is chilly in winter. The dogs mentioned would be certain to "go for" an otter, and it attacks them savagely unless previously accustomed to them.—OTTER.

ESTABLISHING THE MISTLETOE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am very anxious to know which is the way to plant mistletoe, what trees are preferable for that purpose, and which is the right time of the year. I should be most grateful for a word of advice in COUNTRY LIFE.—M. L.

[This is the best season of the whole year for establishing mistletoe, and it will succeed upon almost any tree. There are, indeed, few exceptions, as it thrives upon the oak, ash, thorn, pear, mountain ash, poplar, elm, and, best of all, upon the apple. It is far less rare upon the oak than is commonly supposed, but you should first establish it upon the apple, as it seems to succeed most satisfactorily upon that tree; hence the reason that it is grown, though not so much as formerly, in the orchards of Normandy. Though it is interesting to see the olive-green bunches of mistletoe upon trees, it must not be forgotten that it is destructive. It is a parasite in the truest sense, and lives upon its host. You can either cut the shoot upon which the berries are to grow or not. First, however, select a young healthy branch and upon the under-surface press the viscid berries, or, if preferred, make a little slit and press the berries into this. It is wise, however, not to injure the tree more than can be helped. When the berries are in position, cover with a little muslin, especially if mistle-thrushes abound. This covering may be removed when it is seen by the young growth that the berries have germinated. When a green point is noticed you will know that the seed has germinated. You can graft mistletoe upon the tree, but seed raising is preferable. It would be interesting to try the mistletoe upon many kinds of trees; but if you need simply a bunch or two, choose a strong young apple.—ED.]



PLOVER'S MISHAP.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I beg to forward photographs showing a curious accident which happened to a green plover. The ring is rubber, evidently from the top of a patent soda-water bottle, and apparently caused the bird's death. I had observed it about here (York) for some time, and picked it up dead a few days ago in very poor condition. Perhaps some of the readers of your valuable paper will help me in determining how it came by such a mishap.—B. G. TROTTER.



a strange bird flung casually into a flower-pot, and was told that Mr. Youell had been walking by the sea, near the north battery, when he saw a small bird being washed up and down in the foam; its beautiful markings attracted his attention, and he brought it home, but being much knocked about and rather decomposed, he did not think it worth keeping. I persuaded, however, one of the gardeners to skin it, and took away the crop to examine. The gizzard contained an enormous quantity of small stones and sand; some of the stones were nearly twice the size of mustard seeds, and weighed three-quarters of a drachm. There were no shot marks on this bird; it had probably never landed, but dropped into the sea from exhaustion and was washed ashore by the tide. This was one of the earliest that reached our shores, as the first instance of a pair being shot in England was recorded in the Times on the day previous, May 22nd. On the 8th of June Mr. Longe—who was then a

captain in the Norfolk Artillery Militia—hearing that some of these birds had been seen on Breyon water, and happening to be on duty that day, lent his gun to two sergeants, and sent them out with directions to shoot into any flock of plovers they might come upon, on the chance of getting a sand-grouse. "It was nearly nine o'clock in the evening," he writes, "when they marked down about nine grey plovers which lighted on the 'wall.' Sergeant Crowther managed to get a shot into them; he noticed that one bird was larger than the rest, and singularly enough this bird was the only one that fell to the gun! He brought it to me, and it proved to be a female sand-grouse in very good condition. From the crop of this bird I removed four different kinds of seeds and sowed them in pots. They all came up, and were found to be Medicago minima, Polygonum convolvulus, Chenopodium album, and Poa annua. The crop also contained sprigs of Sedum acre." N.B.—This bird, together with a fine male shot some days later at Horsey by Mr. Rising, is still to be seen in a perfect state of preservation in Mr. Longe's collection of Norfolk birds at Spixworth Hall.—E. LONGE, Spixworth Park, Norwich.

POLE-TRAPS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was very pleased to see the letter of Mr. Tuck respecting pole-traps in your issue of April 8th. I sincerely hope that nobody misunderstood my casual reference to these traps as implying my approval of their use in any shape or form. I consider them useless, cruel, and exceedingly mischievous, and I have never lost an opportunity, in or out of season, of urging my game-preserving friends to forbid their use.—HUBERT V. DUNCOMBE.

HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—May I, with your kind permission, make a personal and urgent appeal to your readers on behalf of the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street. This hospital was founded in 1852, when there was not a single children's hospital in the British Empire, and money was generously given by the public then and for many years after. There are now many other hospitals for children. In London alone there are about sixteen, and Great Ormond Street, with 200 beds, is left to meet an expenditure of £15,000 a year without any adequate income. Last year, but for legacies, there would have been a heavy deficit. This year there have been no big legacies, and a deficit of £5,000 is certain. This is the least sum which will enable all the wards to be kept open this year without running into debt. The committee have lately been forced to buy some adjoining property in order to preserve the light and air required for the wards and also for the purpose of housing their nurses with comfort and decency, and to do this they have to pay £20,000 in January next. On behalf of the sick children and the nurses at Great Ormond Street I have therefore to ask for £25,000 in donations and new annual subscriptions. I am to take the chair at a dinner in aid of the hospital to be held at the Hotel Cecil on Wednesday, May 3rd, and I venture to ask those of your readers who are able and willing to help to apply to the secretary for seats, and to contribute towards meeting the present exceptional and pressing necessity.—PEEL, The Lodge, Sandy, Beds.

Applications for seats should be made at once to the secretary at the hospital, who will acknowledge any donations which may be sent to him.

A CURIOUS SHOOT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I notice in your paper an account of a very curious and interesting shoot near Paris—Versailles, if one may be permitted a conjecture as to the owner and the place—and think that some little account of another curious shoot (famous, too, but it also shall be nameless) would interest your readers. The locality of this, too, they may guess if they please. Enough to say that it is in Continental Europe. The guns, and they are numerous, are posted at intervals all round a big circular covert. But they do not face the covert; their butts, that is to say, screens of boughs, are planted to conceal them from anything coming towards the covert. So they stand with their backs to the covert. Meanwhile, the drive begins from an immense distance outside the covert—in the fields, etc., far away. All the movements of the beaters are controlled by bugle. (And how much better, let me note in passing, are these things done on the Continent than with us. How preferable is the tooting on the horn to the sound of the human voice—how much more agreeable to the human ear, how much less alarming to the beasts and birds of venery. And the men keep line and distance so perfectly! Of course, it is partly fruit of the conscription—they have all been drilled.) This was a digression. The beaters approach, closing in on the covert. Around the covert, at some distance from the butts, is run a high hedge, so that the game—chiefly partridges—coming to it, have to rise to mount over it, and so give good shots. And the game is so plentiful as to keep all the shooters very busy, with three guns apiece, and make the bags of world-wide fame. A peculiarity of this shooting is that the game comes from all directions. Some, carrying over the covert, come to the guns on the other side from the rear of their butts. The effect is something like being in the midst of a swarm of great bees. Luckily, they do not sting. The best shots of all are really to be got by walking with the beaters. Here the birds, coming back over the heads of the drivers, or driven across from the other arc of the circle, are flying high and fast. The same covert, the same butts, are driven to all day—several times in the day. There is always plenty left, apparently, however much was killed on the first driving. Between the beats you may go to a chalet in the covert for refreshment and a game of cards if it pleases you. Or if it pleases you better—as it will better please most Englishmen—you may walk away back with the beaters and come on with them at the next drive, reaping the reward of your walking in the shape of splendid shots.—PERDRIX.

CANINE POLITENESS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The following curious instance of polite attention on the part of a dog may interest your canine admirers: About six weeks ago Mr. Drake, veterinary surgeon, of Wells—who was attending my terrier for an injured leg—was sitting before the fireplace in my "den." We had just refilled our pipes, and were engaged in looking for a matchbox. Very possibly the word "matches" had been mentioned. At any rate, Buster observed our distress, proceeded to the fireplace, picked up a spent match, brought it in his mouth, and with some ceremony offered it to Mr. Drake. When I add that he is not a smoker, the delicate courtesy of the act is obvious.—W. F. G. SANDWICH.